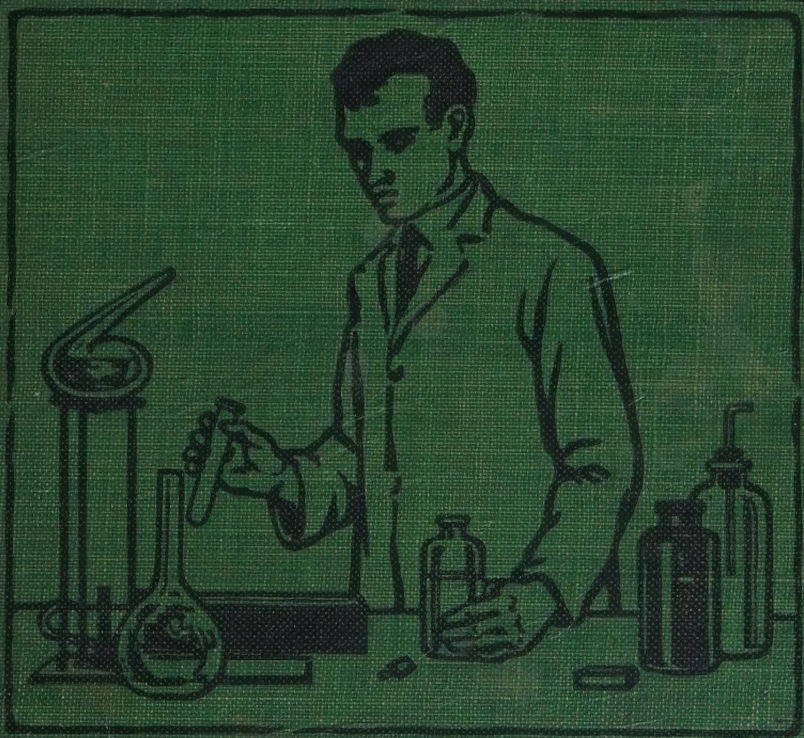
THE WORKADAY READERS



SIXTH READER

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION

Betty Crum

Nov. 26, 1937

Fr Shirley Ann Pow

July 25 - 19

Betty Crum

+ Mrs Cr

THE WORKADAY READERS

A SIXTH READER

A BASIC TEXT IN READING FOR THE SIXTH GRADE

BY

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A LETTER

Boys and Girls in the Sixth Grade:—

Often, boys and girls who have reached the sixth grade think they know how to read so well that they should not be asked to study reading in school.

Not long ago I talked to a bright girl in the sixth grade who said that she knew how to read and that she thought her reading lesson was a waste of time. She said, "I read the morning paper each day, I take two magazines for girls, I read books from the public library, and I can read any of the lessons which my teacher assigns to me." So, said this girl, "if I can do all these things well, why should I have to study reading?"

This was a hard question for me to answer, so I thought it best to ask some other people about it. I talked to a young man in the junior year of college about reading. He said that he had always liked to read and that he had always read a great deal, but that he really never learned to read until he came to college. He said, "I thought I knew how to read when I was in high school, but I didn't." I think what this young man meant to say was that there are so many different ways of reading and so many different kinds of reading material that it

takes a long time to learn how to get just what you want from a lesson, an article, or a book.

Then I talked to a man who has spent a great deal of time in trying to find out the best way for children to start their reading when they come to school. This man said that he was sure that most high school pupils were better readers than pupils in the lower grades, and that many college students were better readers than high school pupils. Several other persons, who know much about the teaching of reading said they were sure that it is very important for sixth-grade pupils to continue their work in reading. If these persons are right, there is still much for most sixth-grade pupils to learn about reading.

I hope this book will help you to become a better reader and that you will enjoy the different lessons in it.

Yours,

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

LESSON			PAGE
I.	A Lesson About Reading		1
II.	Lo-Sun, the Blind Boy	*N. H. Pitman*	3
III.	Printing	*Anonymous*	16
IV.	The Story of a Southern Boy	*Harry F. Estill*	22
V.	The Starving Time	*Vaughan Kester*	28
VI.	Charles Goodyear, Inventor of Vulcanized Rubber	*Edwin Wildman*	48
VII.	A Toast to the Flag	*John J. Daly*	59
VIII.	The Sun	*G. E. Mitton*	62
IX.	The Drowning of Pecos	*C. F. Lummis*	68
X.	The Viper and the Scorpion	*J. H. Fabre*	79
XI.	Sources of Waste	*A. H. and J. F. Chamberlin*	84
XII.	Radium, the Magic Metal	*W. L. and S. H. Nida*	87
XIII.	The Brown Thrush	*Lucy Larcom*	93
XIV.	The Crescent City	*E. W. Tomlinson*	95
XV.	The Hooting in the Wilderness	*James Parton*	106
XVI.	Self-Control	*John K. Clark*	109
XVII.	Dangerous People	*C. F. Dole*	112
XVIII.	Chased by an Ostrich	*J. Alden Loring*	117
XIX.	Henry Morton Stanley	*John T. Faris*	125
XX.	The Confederate Soldier's Return	*Henry W. Grady*	144
XXI.	The Horned Lizard	*J. Arthur Thomson*	147
XXII.	Come, Little Leaves	*George Cooper*	152

LESSON			PAGE
XXIII.	Wonderland	*C. Cyril Claridge*	154
XXIV.	Witchcraft at Salem	*Lucy Foster Madison*	166
XXV.	The Story of a Hired Boy	*George Cary Eggleston*	183
XXVI.	How Heat Makes Cold . .	*C. T. Gray*	188
XXVII.	Duty	*Robert E. Lee*	193
XXVIII.	The Cobbler Who Became an Astrologer	*F. E. Spaulding and C. T. Bryce*	195
XXIX.	The Whitehorn Buck .	*Archibald Rutledge*	209
XXX.	A Little London Girl. . .	*Anonymous*	222
	Vocabulary		237

SIXTH READER

Lesson I

A LESSON ABOUT READING

To the Pupil:

Study each of these questions carefully. Try to get an answer for each one.

1. How long does it take a pupil to read a page of three hundred words if he reads four words each second?

2. At this rate, how long would it take the same pupil to read a book of one hundred and fifty pages?

3. How long would it take another pupil to read a page of three hundred words if he reads seven words each second?

4. How long would it take this pupil to read a book of one hundred and fifty pages?

5. How much longer does it take the first pupil to read the book than the second?

6. Do you think that the second pupil could save this much time and get as much pleasure out of the book, or learn as much from the book as the first pupil?

7. What kind of reading can you do rapidly, and yet read every word?

8. What is meant by skimming?

9. When is it a good thing to skim?

10. When is it necessary to read slowly, looking carefully at nearly every word?

11. Show how it may be a waste of time for you to attempt to do all your reading in the same way.

12. Show why it is a waste of time to think about other things while you read.

13. Why is it usually a waste of time to read material which has little or no value?

14. Are there other ways in which you can waste time in reading?

15. Why do you suppose some persons prefer to read aloud when they study?

16. Why do some children in the sixth grade use their lips when they read silently?

17. How do you read when you want to outline a lesson?

18. How do you read when you expect your teacher to give you some questions on a lesson?

19. What kinds of reading do you enjoy?

20. Why is reading one of the most important things which children learn at school?

21. Is it possible for children to read too much?

Lesson II

LO-SUN, THE BLIND BOY[1]

N. H. Pitman

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson as you like to read. It has many points which will be of interest to you. Do not waste time when you read for pleasure. Try to remember many of the points in the lesson.

Lo-Sun was a blind boy and, like many others thus afflicted in China, he had no home, for his hard-hearted parents had driven him forth to beg his living. From morning till night he wandered along the city streets and country lands, always carrying with him a blind man's staff. With the help of this stick he seldom missed his footing, and he learned to go from one part of the city to another, and to find his way around in the near-by villages very well.

Lo-Sun had one companion, a faithful dog named Fan, who helped him to many a stray copper. Whenever the little master snapped his fingers three times, the well-trained animal went down at once upon her knees and touched her head to the ground, thus making what is called in China a kotow or mark of respect. So pleased were many passers-by with this polite

[1]From Pitman's "Chinese Fairy Stories." Used by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company, publishers.

trick on the part of a dog, that they often paused to hand the blind lad a bit of money. After a time he made many friends in the city, and not a few men spoke to him as he tapped his way about the narrow streets.

One evening as Lo-Sun and his dog were strolling along a country road they were overtaken by night-fall, and it became necessary for them to sleep out-of-doors. As this was nothing unusual for either, they had no fear, but at once began to search for a good spot in which to make their bed. It did not take Fan long to discover a large, leafy tree under which they might rest in comfort. She barked the good news to her master, who understood several words of the dog language, and led him to the haven of rest. Soon curled up together like two kittens, the tired pair fell fast asleep.

In the night Lo-Sun had a strange dream. Some one addressed him softly, saying, "Lo-Sun, Lo-Sun, do you see me?"

"Alas!" answered the boy sadly, "I am blind."

"My poor fellow, that is indeed a sore affliction, but perhaps I may be of some service to you."

"Oh," said Lo-Sun, his face brightening, "kind sir, can you, will you restore my sight?"

"No, my lad, I will not, but I shall make it possible for you to do it for yourself. Heed well what I say and then become your own healer. Henceforth each time you do a good action, no matter how small

it may be, a little light shall enter your poor blind eyes. As the deeds of virtue multiply, greater and greater shall be the change which you will notice, until at last, the scales that have hindered you from seeing shall fall off completely and your sight be entirely restored. But, mark well my words. If, instead of doing deeds of kindness and of love, you should so far forget my promise as to soil your heart by a bad act, then shall your eyes be sealed the tighter and you shall lose twice as much as you are allowed to profit by a deed of virtue."

The strange voice was silent, and Lo-Sun, with a start, awoke from his slumber. The sun was shining in his face, and the whole world seemed brighter than it had ever been before. Fan also seemed happy, and licked her little master's hand in silent sympathy.

"Shall we do it, Fan?" asked Lo-Sun, speaking as if Fan had heard and understood the dream words as well as he.

The dog barked joyously at hearing her master's voice.

"All right, if you agree, I think I can get back my eyesight. You know I can't do much without your help, old girl." Lo-Sun threw his arms about the great dog's shaggy neck and hugged her in a tight embrace.

The two then set out for the city, and Lo-Sun could think of nothing but the words of the good fairy in the dream. Oh, if he might only have back

his eyesight, how happy he would be! He would like to show the cruel father who had cast him out of house and home that he would amount to something in the world, that he would rise above the lowly station which his parents occupied. Just outside the city wall, as he was about to enter by the large gate, he came near stumbling over an old beggar who was lying at the side of the road.

"Give a poor blind man a penny," mumbled the pauper; "for the love of mercy, do not pass me by."

"But we are both in the same boat, my friend," laughed Lo-Sun, "for I too am blind."

"Alas! kind youth, I am much more unfortunate than you; I am a cripple also."

With a cry of sympathy, and with no thought of the fairy's promise, Lo-Sun drew out the only coin he had, a tiny bit of copper, and handed it to the lame man, saying:

"Take it; this is all I have."

Suddenly there seemed to come a flash of light before his eyes; the blackness that had so long robbed him of sight seemed to grow less dense.

"The dream was really true!" he exclaimed joyfully, and the people who heard him thus talking to himself, thinking the lad crazy, drew their garments aside as he passed by. Never had Lo-Sun been so light-hearted as he was that day. The whole world seemed to smile at him and fill his heart with summer.

That night he slept in the Beggars' Temple, an old tumbled down building just outside the North Gate, long since deserted by the priests and given over by general consent for the use of homeless creatures who had no other place of shelter. In one corner lay an aged hag, weak from starvation. Lo-Sun gave her willingly the stale bread which was to have served as his supper, and again to his surprise and delight noticed a faint glow which lightened up his vision. But as a consequence, he and Fan were compelled to go to bed hungry.

Awakened early in the morning by the cravings of an empty stomach, the blind boy set out along the dusty highway. It was yet too soon for travellers, and he was still puzzling his brains as to how he should satisfy his hunger, when Fan solved the question by running down a fat hen which chanced to cross her pathway. Here was luck for a blind boy! No one in the neighborhood, apparently; not even the sound of a distant cart-wheel! Lo-Sun took the hen from the dog's mouth, and as the animal barked in noisy joy, praised her for showing such ability as a hunter. In twenty minutes he was at the market place by the river, where he had very little trouble in selling his fowl at a good price.

No sooner, however, had the money been counted into his hands than the lad felt a dark veil descend over his eyes. The reward he had received for his two good deeds was thus in a moment snatched away,

and he found his condition the same as when he had left the tree under which the dream had come to him.

Lo-Sun was not easily discouraged. Readily admitting the wrong of which he had been guilty, he resolved to retrace his steps and find the owner of the stolen hen. Throughout that whole day he trudged up and down the highway which passed by the Beggars' Temple, vainly inquiring of every passer-by if he knew of anyone who had lost a fowl. By evening his little legs were weary, and his face, usually sunny, was covered with a veil of dust. The pangs of hunger which had annoyed him at daybreak now made him ravenous, yet bravely he resisted the temptation to spend the ill-gotten gains. The next morning when he awoke he found to his great delight that his eyesight had improved once more as by magic. Evidently his sincere sorrow for wrongdoing had not been without avail.

For a number of weeks, by a succession of good deeds, Lo-Sun advanced so rapidly on his journey toward the goal of restored sight, that at last he could tell when some one was coming toward him in the road, not only by hearing, but by the actual power of vision, and he even fancied he could distinguish the glory of the sunset. When he had reached this stage in his healing, he was overjoyed, and at once resolved to save every cent possible, to supply himself with the glasses which he had been told people with weak eyesight sometimes wore.

Rabbit
Blossom

But one day he again met the old lame man to whom he had once given his last money.

"Alas! I have nothing," said he to the latter's plea, although he was now quite well supplied with coppers, "nothing that I can give you."

"But I am starving," implored the beggar.

"I too," answered Lo-Sun.

A sudden twitching, a darkening shadow, and lo! the glory of the sunlight was denied him. Now Lo-Sun was in despair. He had tried, oh, so hard, to lead a sinless life! He had denied himself many things. And for what reward?

"As fast as I gain," he reflected bitterly, "I lose, and thus go backward."

He was discouraged. What could a blind boy do in China, a country where there are no schools for the afflicted, where those thus suffering are cast out upon the street?

Angry with the world, his neighbors, the evil fortune that had placed him at so great a disadvantage, he made his way finally to the bank of a roaring river. It was the rainy season, and a vast torrent of angry waters was rushing down a channel which usually was calm. He sat down on the bank of the noisy stream and pictured himself as a stick swept along by the raging flood, sometimes cast high upon the shore, and then again, as the level of the waters rose, picked up and dashed onward. Was not the only real friend he had in all the world a faithful dog?

And do the best she might, what could such an ally do to bring her master back the visual powers denied him by the gods? Without sight, he could not hope to strive among men for money and position.

"Poor Fan!" he cried, "you do all for me that you can, and yet you cannot save me." The grateful animal licked her master's face. "You are all that I have; nothing shall ever separate us, for without you I should die."

Just at this moment a cry was raised along the river.

"A man is drowning within the rapids! His boat is capsized; he cannot swim!"

From all directions came the rush of hurrying footsteps. A crowd of excited people gathered in an instant. All were looking curiously at the struggling man, and yet no man dared to lift a hand of rescue.

"See! he is losing strength," they shouted. "His boat is swept away, and with it his last chance of reaching shore. Soon he will go down for the last time!"

The blind boy listened to the uproar with a sense of sadness in his heart. How could this crowd of strong men stand by and make no effort to save another from perishing before their very eyes? If he were only in their position, how quickly would he leap to the rescue, how quickly would he show the others they were cowards!

Suddenly his breast thrilled with emotion. Would

it be possible? Yes, he would undertake it; he, the blind boy, would try to do what all those heartless people were failing to perform.

"Fan can do it!" he shouted wildly, springing to his feet. "My dog will save him!"

"Stop!" said one of the bystanders who had seen the boy on several occasions, and who out of sympathy for him wished to do him a friendly turn. "Stop! it is too late. You will only lose your dog, and do no good. Let the fellow drown; he is only a worthless beggar."

"That's all I am," was Lo-Sun's quick reply, "and like helps like, you know."

Quick as a wink he seized his dog by the neck and dragged her to the brink of the stream. "Fetch, Fan, fetch!" he shouted, as he pushed her into the torrent.

With a bark of intelligence, the animal seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and struck out with powerful strokes toward the struggler. The excitement on the bank grew intense.

"It is too late," they said. "The man can't hold out longer, and the dog will never reach him."

Never had Lo-Sun felt the need of sight so keenly as at that moment when his one friend was in danger of being swept away from him forever. In his mind's eye he seemed to see the whole picture.

A shout from the idlers at last told him plainly that the swimmer had seen the effort being made in

his behalf, and was redoubling his own attempts to hold up until the dog had reached him. Nearer and nearer Fan fought her way through the foaming whitecaps. Her master had commanded; it was hers but to obey. With acute foresight did she make allowance for the distance which the swimmer would be carried down stream before she could reach him, and the crowd on shore shouted wildly as they saw the noble animal close her teeth in his ragged garments just as he was sinking. Now came the most heroic struggle of the dog's existence, a fight against the elements for her own life and that of him whom she fixed upon her master, who all the while running along the river bank with the crowd, was madly cheering her on to victory.

At length a man on shore, who was carrying a boat-hook, was able to fix the barb in the drowning man's clothing. The dog, seeing that her life-saving work was over, released her hold, and the half-drowned beggar was drawn into a place of safety. But, alas, poor Fan! At that very moment an undercurrent caught her and dragged her down. She was too weak to struggle and sank at once.

The cry of the crowd told the boy of this sad fate, and with a moan of anguish, Lo-Sun fell upon the sand and buried his face in the dirt. The curious onlookers eyed the grief-stricken little boy for a few moments, and then as the night began to fall, one by one departed.

When morning dawned and Lo-Sun awoke, there was no devoted friend to lick his hands and bark his joyous welcome back to wakefulness. But to his astonishment, as he raised his head, his eyes were dazzled with a glorious light. He looked around and saw the things about him, was able to distinguish the outlines of the river, the willows fringing the banks, and behind, the walls of the city. True, he could not take in the smaller objects, but oh, how delightful it was to see these marvelous sights that had for so long a time been denied him! As he pondered the wonder of it all, he knew full well that his willing sacrifice of Fan for the drowning beggar had given him this priceless blessing.

As Lo-Sun thus sat upon the ground rejoicing in his new strength, he saw a man coming toward him. He could see the figure of the man, but not his features. Closer and closer came the stranger, until at last he was standing directly over the boy.

"My lad, it was you who saved my life yesterday."

Lo-Sun looked up eagerly, trying to make out the features of the one for whom he had lost his all.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed the other. "Is it Lo-Sun, the boy whom I turned out from house and home?"

With a moan of bitterness, Lo-Sun covered his face with his hands. So it was his father, the man whom he had hated for his cruelty, his father for whom he had given up his faithful dog! Angry words welled

up within his breast, and in another minute he would have cursed the man who had mistreated him so shamefully. But just then a soft voice warned him, and stretching out his hands, he said:

"Father, I forgive you."

The man, touched to the quick by what had happened, clasped the little fellow in his arms and held him tightly to his breast.

"The gods be merciful!" he cried, "for I have sinned most foully. My son, my son, I cast thee off, and lo! thou hast been the one to save my life."

And as Lo-Sun returned his father's embrace, the last scale fell from his eyes, and he looked freely out upon the whole beautiful world.

ko tow′, *see text for the meaning*
haven (hā′vn), shelter
affliction (ă-flĭe′shon), misfortune
slum′ber, sleep
hag, an ugly old woman
a succession of, several
ravenous (răv′e-nŭs), very hungry
torrent (tŏr′rĕnt), a stream of water flowing with great speed
raging flood, a swollen stream
visual (vĭzh′ụ-al) **powers,** eyesight
capsize (ĕăp-sīz′), to upset
whitecap, a wave covered with foam
acute′, keen
the elements, the wind and the waves
barb, the bent point of a hook

Lesson III

PRINTING[1]

Anonymous

To the Pupil:

You are to read this selection in order to answer questions upon it. The questions are given at the end of the lesson. Do not look at them until you are through reading. See if you can write an answer for each of the questions without looking at the lesson again. If you fail on any question, look it up. This kind of reading is very important because you often have to do the same thing in history, geography, and other subjects. Try to read rapidly, but remember that it is better to read slowly and be able to answer the questions when you come to them than to read fast and fail on the questions.

We all read books and papers every day and never stop to think how they are made. Every morning thousands and thousands and thousands of newspapers are taken from the printing presses and sent throughout the country. Every week many thousands of magazines of all kinds are sent out, and so many books are printed every year that one would have to be very good indeed in arithmetic to count them.

These books and papers are printed on great ma-

[1]From "Stepping Stones to Literature." Copyright, Silver, Burdett and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

chines, very wonderful machines, so wonderful that they almost seem to know what they are doing. The words are first set up in type, as it is called. Little pieces of metal, with letters on the ends, are arranged in great cases. Men take these and spell out the words with them, arranging them in proper order in frames. The words so set up are placed on the printing presses, where they are covered with ink, and sheets of paper passed over them and printed. This is all done by machinery.

In some great offices, even the type is set by machinery. There are vessels containing melted metal. The man who works the machine plays on keys as a typewriter does, these keys having letters printed on them. When he strikes one key a little bit of the melted metal is dropped into a mold having the proper letter formed in it. When the metal becomes cool it is hardened into type with the letter stamped upon the end. When enough of this type has been made to form a line, the machine puts it into the proper place, and soon the case of type is ready to be taken to the printing machine.

From this type the paper is printed; then it is folded by the machine. So rapidly is this done that many thousands of sheets can be printed in a single hour; so it is no wonder that books and papers are cheap and abundant.

Six hundred years ago there were no printed books in Europe, and books of any kind were very scarce.

They were only to be found in a few great libraries, usually belonging to the Church or located in some monastery. Only a few churches had even a Bible, and those churches which had one Bible often chained it down so that it could not be taken away.

It is no wonder that books were very scarce and very dear, for every one had to be written by hand. In the great universities and other places where it was necessary to have some books, there were always people whose business it was to write them by hand.

It is not known when printing from type was first invented, or who invented it. In China and Japan the art was practiced long before it was known in Europe, but people did not travel then as they do now; very few ever went to China, and nations did not learn from one another as modern nations do.

The Europeans invented the art of printing for themselves. The people of several cities claim that the first printing was done in their city, by one of their own citizens, and probably we shall never know who, in truth, was the first printer.

One story is told by the people of Haarlem, a city in Holland. They say that an old gentleman named Laurens Coster was one day walking in the woods when he picked up a smooth piece of the bark of a beech tree, and with his knife carved on it some letters. These he took home and gave to his boy as a copy. Afterward he put some ink on the letters and stamped the words he had cut upon paper. This

pleased him so much that he began to make experiments, and finally made some type of lead, and then some of zinc, and began to do printing. But one of his apprentices, who was dishonest, stole the old gentleman's type and ran away to Germany; and from that man the Germans learned the art of printing. The people of Haarlem believe this story, and have put a statue of Coster in the market place.

The Germans say the story is not true, but that one of their own people was the first printer. They say that at the time when Coster is said to have been making his type in Holland, a German named Johannes Gutenberg was working at the same thing in the city of Strassburg, and succeeded in making a metal type. He had a partner, and they were bound by solemn oaths not to tell any one what they were doing; but the partner died, and his heirs sued Gutenberg in the courts, trying to compel him to tell the secrets of his new art. Gutenberg won his case, but during the trial it became known that he had been working at a new method of making cheap books.

Gutenberg spent all in his experiments, and finally went down the Rhine to the city of Mainz, where he interested in his work a rich man named Johann Fust, and took him as a partner. They had a man working for them named Schoffer, who, like Coster's apprentice, was dishonest, and told Fust that they could do better without Gutenberg. So

Fust took all poor Gutenberg's tools in payment for money he had lent him and, with Schoffer as a partner, began to do printing. But Gutenberg was still able to keep at his work, so there were two printing houses in Mainz.

The people of Strassburg and Mainz are very proud of the fact that Gutenberg, the first printer as they say, worked in their cities, and each one has set up a statue in his honor.

A few years after Gutenberg had printed his first book in Germany, a man named William Caxton began to print books in England. He probably learned the art from the Germans.

Caxton's printing office was in the famous Westminster Abbey. In one of his books, "The Life of Charles the Great," he says:

"I have specially reduced it after the simple cunning that God has left to me whereof I heartily and with all my heart thank Him, and also pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living I hope truly."

These early printers printed books of many kinds, but chiefly Bibles and religious books.

After Caxton's death, one of his printers who continued the work said he hoped for "the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church for every Christian man to look upon." It would surely have made these good men very happy if they could

have seen into the future, when Bibles would be sold for a few cents each.

Haarlem (här'lĕm)
Johannes Gutenberg (jo-han'es gu̧'tĕn-bĕrg̃)
Strassburg (sträs'bu̧rg̃), a city in Alsace
Mainz (mīnts), a German city on the Rhine River
Johann Fust (fu̧st)
Schof'fer
Westminster Abbey (wĕst'mĭn-ster ă'by), a famous old English church where English Kings are buried
Charles the Great, Charlemagne (çhär-le-mān'), a king of France
cunning, intelligence
suf'ferance, will

Questions to be Answered by the Pupil

1. How much printing is done?
2. How is the type made?
3. What did Laurens Coster do?
4. What kind of books were printed at first?
5. Why is printing such an important invention?

Lesson IV

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN BOY[1]

Harry F. Estill

To the Pupil:

If you read this lesson carefully you will see that it tells you about four important things in the life of the southern boy. Try to write a point for each number in the outline below. You may add numbers if you care to.

The Sports of the Southern Boy.

1.
2.
3.

The House in Which He Lived.

1.
2.
3.

The Garden Near the House.

1.
2.
3.

The School Which He Attended.

1.
2.
3.

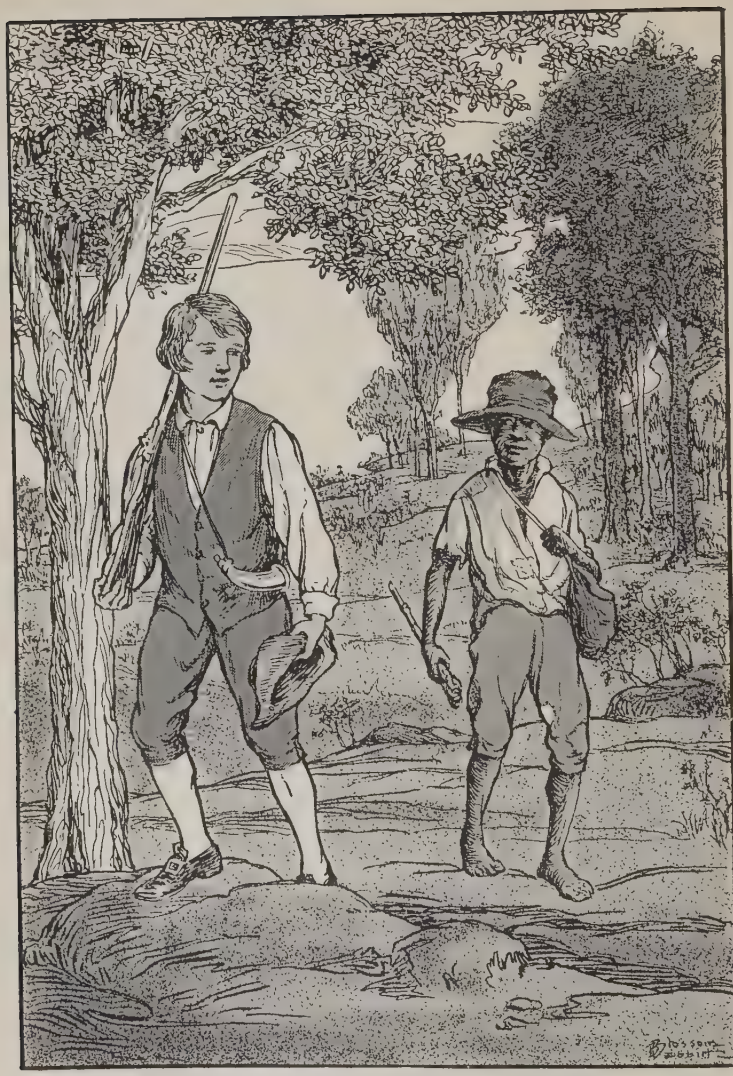
1. Let us now take a look at the home life of a

[1] Courtesy of the Southern Publishing Company.

Southern boy and a Southern girl in the old Colonial times. In our minds we can picture a white boy, accompanied by a negro companion, wandering through the woods near the banks of the Rappahannock River in the colony of Virginia. The white boy carried a gun upon his shoulder, and his hunting suit of coarse, strong cloth was discolored from frequent use. The negro boy, who addressed his companion as Mars George, carried a game-bag well stocked with squirrels and partridges. He was barefooted, and his trousers and shirt showed several patches of different colors. His kinky hair could be seen through the holes in the crown of the old hat that came down over his ears. A fine setter dog ran through the woods just ahead of the young hunters.

2. Coming to the edge of the woods, George and black Jasper made their way through a great tobacco field in which twenty or thirty negro men and women were at work cutting the long-leaved plants and placing them in the wagons which were to carry them to the great tobacco barns in the distance. A white man, called an "overseer," rode about among the negroes, directing them in their work. They did not seem to mind the hard work nor the hot sun, but were laughing and singing at the top of their voices. Their songs had strange tunes. Sometimes there were no words, only musical sounds, and sometimes they made up the words as they sang.

3. As the boys neared the house, a negro man came



out to the end of the long porch toward the tobacco field and blew a blast from a great tin horn. This meant twelve o'clock and was a signal for the field hands to stop work for dinner. George handed his gun to Jasper, and, bidding him take the game around the house to the kitchen and prepare it to be cooked for supper, ran up to his room to change his soiled hunting suit and bathe his face and hands before coming down to dinner.

4. While George is getting ready for dinner, let us take a look at his home. A grassy lawn dotted with stately trees stretched away in front of the house toward the river, which sparkled in the sunlight just beyond the big road. The house was two stories high with a broad front porch extending the width of the house, supported by massive columns. Behind the house, in the distance, were the stables and barns, and long rows of cabins, called the "quarters," the homes of the negro slaves. To the right of the house was the garden, laid out in prim style with perfectly clean walks between well-kept beds shaped in triangles, squares, and circles. In the part of the garden next to the house were the flowers, the special care of Elizabeth, or Betty, George's sister. Here were hedges of lilacs, beds of sunflowers, roses, tulips, pinks, peonies, poppies, and hollyhocks.

5. On Monday morning the young folks were up bright and early to get ready for school. The schoolhouse was five miles distant. A negro manservant

usually accompanied the children to and from school. They rode horseback and carried their dinners with them. It was not a free school; parents paid for the tuition of their children. The attendance of pupils was small, chiefly because the planters lived so far apart that it was almost impossible for children to attend regularly. The schoolhouse of that day had uncomfortable home-made desks and seats and was not supplied with maps or blackboards. It was known as an "old-field school" because it stood in an old field that from long use had become unfit for cultivation. The teacher was sometimes the church sexton, sometimes the minister. The girls were usually taught privately at home by a governess or tutor. The older boys were sent to William and Mary College, at Williamsburg.

6. The Southern people were fond of horses and of horseback riding. Every white family kept a horse, and the rich planters had stables full of the finest animals. The planter never walked except about the house. Every morning his horse, all saddled and bridled, groomed and curried until he shone like silk, was brought to his door by a negro slave. The poor farmer who owned no slave would often spend hours tramping through the woods to find and catch his horse in order to ride two or three miles to church, or to the courthouse, or to visit a neighbor. Horse racing, fox hunting, and deer hunting were favorite sports for men and boys. Open-air barbe-

cues were frequent, at which plenty of fun was provided for everybody.

7. A Virginia newspaper of colonial times gives notice that "On St. Andrew's Day there are to be Horse Races and several other diversions for the entertainment of the Gentlemen and Ladies at the Old Field near Capt. John Bickerton's." The program provided, among other things, "That a violin be played for by twenty Fiddlers, no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him. After the prize is won they are all to play together, and each one a different tune, and to be treated by the company." "That twelve boys of twelve years of age do run a hundred and twelve yards for a Hat of the cost of twelve shillings." "That a handsome entertainment be provided for the subscribers and their wives; and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives may treat any other body."

Rappahannock (răp-a-hăn′ok)
Mars, master
prim, neat
sexton, a church janitor
groomed, cleaned
curried, cleaned with a comb
barbecue (bär′be-eū), an open-air feast at which an animal, like a pig or an ox, is roasted whole

Lesson V

THE STARVING TIME[1]

Vaughan Kester

To the Pupil:

This lesson is a story which covers twenty pages. You are to read it to see if you can rewrite it so that it is not more than three pages long. A story rewritten in this way is often called a *summary.*

A good summary usually includes all the main points of a lesson but leaves out many of the other points. Before you begin writing, put down all the main points which you think should go into the summary, and under each of these main points place some of the minor points. Try to follow this outline as you write your summary.

I

Captain John Smith had just gone home to England, wounded by an explosion of gunpowder. We were now five hundred strong in Virginia, taking count of the women and children. Those of us who were settled at Jamestown occupied some sixty houses built within a stout stockade not easy to come at by an enemy and defended by twenty cannon. Besides Jamestown there were settlements at Nansemond and at West's Fort, with the beginning

[1] From Kester's "John o' Jamestown." Copyright, 1907. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

of a footing at Point Comfort, near the mouth of the James.

With the exception of stores of food, we were furnished with all things needful for our well-being. We boasted upward of one hundred soldiers trained to the country and knowing the ways of the savages, three small ships and a number of boats, tools for all kinds of work, nets for fishing, and much land already cleared. Of muskets and small arms there was an abundance, with plenty of powder and shot.

Our live stock had been much increased by the ships, which had brought us sheep, goats, and horses. One thing only we lacked, and that was the proper managing of our affairs; for as soon as John Smith left, our people lived from hand to mouth, without thought of the future. Our leader fell sick, and a dozen men tried to take his place at the head of the colony.

Then, to add to our troubles, the men came from Nansemond and from West's Fort at the top of the river, for the savages had turned against them, and there seemed no safety but behind the stout palisades at Jamestown. But this was not the worst: the savages, knowing that John Smith had left us, changed from being our friends to becoming instantly our enemies.

Our quarrels took us to the first snows of winter. Then, as it became clear that something must be done to ward off a famine, one of our ships, the

Swallow, freighted with such goods as the Indians liked, was sent down river to trade. However, when she had got a cargo of corn, the Swallow sailed away to take Spanish treasure ships and was never more heard of.

When the Swallow did not return, it was decided that Captain Ratcliffe should take a company and go to Point Comfort to live off the oysters. I was chosen among those to go with him, to my own small liking. Our need followed us down river; and Ratcliffe, tiring of the wretched living to be got from the waters, declared that he would force trade with Powhatan, the Indian emperor. So nothing would do but that we must set forth, thirty strong, to see Powhatan at one of his towns on the banks of the York.

When we drew near Werowocomoco, we found that the savages knew of our coming, for they had gathered along the northern shore of the river with the evident purpose of preventing us from landing. When we, in the captain's barge, saw this, we rested on our oars and looked toward Ratcliffe to find out what next to do.

"Men, what have we here?" he asked, after he had taken a good look at the shore. "I mean yonder heathen waving a cedar branch. I doubt not he means it as a sign of friendship. Pull in nearer."

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that the savage was one Rawhunt, well known to all the old soldiers and settlers at Jamestown as a chief of importance.

"Can you talk to the rogue in his own tongue?" demanded Ratcliffe of me.

"After a fashion," I made answer.

"Then let us hear the fashion," he returned.

I stood up and called Rawhunt by name, bidding him come nearer. He demanded to know why we were sailing up the York and with such a force of men. Did we mean war? I replied that we had come to trade and had brought copper, beads, and knives to exchange for food, and I asked why, in a time of peace, his people threatened us. He said that West's settlers at the Falls had robbed his people of their corn and beaten them. On account of that, Powhatan feared that Ratcliffe's party had a like intention in regard to them.

All this I interpreted to Ratcliffe, who had me ask Rawhunt to send to the emperor and request a safe conduct to appear before him. Rawhunt said that he would himself go to Werowocomoco, which lay by the shore, but bade us wait his return without landing. Ratcliffe agreed to this.

Within the space of an hour Rawhunt was back, and as we saw him emerge from the forest, we again rowed close to shore. Powhatan sent a reply that he wished to live in peace with the English, whose strength he feared.

"But tell him, Farraday, it is trade we want," Ratcliffe demanded impatiently.

So I turned again to Rawhunt and told him that we would not return empty-handed. He replied

that the emperor was sending as much corn as he could spare. Powhatan would have us come to his town and feast with him, but our guns frightened his people. If we would put them aside and come with empty hands, he would welcome us.

I was not deceived by this speech, yet Ratcliffe was disposed to think that Powhatan was honest, and it was important to establish friendly relations with the savages, on whom we were now dependent for food. But to put aside our weapons in that new land was little short of madness.

"Captain Smith never let the muskets go out of the hands of the men," I said.

My words were unfortunate, for Ratcliffe hated the thought of Smith.

"Captain Smith was always looking for trouble," he said. "I doubt not a man could go from end to end of this country with naked hands."

"And lose his scalp," I answered.

While we were speaking, there appeared on the shore four Indians bearing baskets of corn. This was Powhatan's gift, not sufficient to have relieved our needs for more than a day at most. I saw in this seeming charity a hidden treachery; this was the bait for our hungry company. It was plain, however, that I was alone in my mistrust of the emperor. Another thing I liked not the look of was that the Indians who had welcomed our approach with yells and threatening signs had disappeared.

"Put aside your arms and run the boats ashore," ordered Ratcliffe, with sudden decision.

"Captain Ratcliffe, this is madness!" I cried.

"I will show you, Master Farraday, how little Englishmen fear naked savages," he said.

Ratcliffe's plans were quickly made. Five men were to stay with the boats to guard the arms, while the rest were to go with him to Werowocomoco. I wanted to be one of the five to remain behind, but Ratcliffe thought otherwise, for he said:

"Come, Farraday, we need your skill as an interpreter, and I promise no harm shall come to you."

We landed. I gave the word to Rawhunt and we moved from the shore, the savage in advance, closely followed by Ratcliffe. The others came on as they chose.

I was conscious only of wonder that these Englishmen, with a fool to lead them, were trifling their lives away in such silly fashion, as I made no doubt we were doing. As we entered the leafless woods, I kept shifting my glance from right to left, expecting each moment to see and hear the savages as they rose from their secret places.

As we went yet deeper into the forest, our men seemed to draw closer together. The laggards changed their pace and their eyes struggled to pierce into the woods that opened at right and left. In advance of us, with his robe of raccoon skins cast about him, walked Rawhunt. He had never once

turned to see who followed or who lagged, but from the first kept on his way in silence. Presently Ratcliffe halted and faced me.

"I don't like this," he said. "Tell Rawhunt to point out where lies Werowocomoco."

But Rawhunt seemed to understand the question without help of mine. He stretched forth a naked arm as if to show where the emperor's town might be seen through the trees.

"I see nothing but your endless woods," said Ratcliffe. Again Rawhunt pointed.

While Ratcliffe was yet speaking, Rawhunt had seized his wrist and forced his hand aloft until the captain's whole side was exposed. At the same moment the savage's brown right hand came not empty from beneath the folds of his robe; a passing gleam of sunshine flashed on a knife of English make as his hand went out and upward, and twice the blade was buried to the hilt in Ratcliffe's side. It was all done with such speed and skill that, though all of us must have seen the two blows struck, horror and astonishment held us silent. Rawhunt released his hold on Ratcliffe's wrist. Our captain staggered forward a step or two and dropped on his face. He was dead in that instant.

The Indian sprang away from us, and as he ran he raised the war cry of his people, a frightful, nerve-racking sound as it echoed through the leafless woods. More awful still was the response it got, for

Blossom
Babbitt

from all about us there swept an answering shout, the twang of bow-strings, and the whizzing of arrows.

My comrades had come together like frightened sheep; which way to turn they knew not. The savages, stripped and hideous with paint, were swarming in from all sides to cut us off from the boats. A few had already fallen, shot to death with arrows, and now as the Indians came against us, armed with clubs and knives or axes of English make, our empty-handed group scattered. It was each man for himself, fear crowding out all tenderness for his fellows.

I had been a little in advance of my comrades when Rawhunt gave the signal and had not been much regarded in the first attack. But now as I stood undecided, an arrow buried itself in the ground at my feet and another went through my sleeve. I deemed that the moment had come to make an effort to save my life.

Toward the river lay certain death, and I turned inland. With a mighty intake of breath and a prayer to God, I sprang forward; but I had made only half a dozen strides when I became aware that I was singled out for pursuit. Advancing toward me was a big painted fellow, who threatened me with his ax.

I stole a glance to right and left and saw that other painted forms were moving toward me from all sides. I kept straight on, since there was no other way to go. When the leading savage was within a score of paces of me, he came to a stand and I saw him raise his ax. I ducked low, and the ax whistled past me.

Another instant and I had turned on the savage who had sought to kill me. Before he knew my purpose, I planted a blow of my fist on his jaw. He went down in a heap, and I let forth a shout of triumph as I leaped over his body.

Then followed as cruel a race as was ever run by a man. With that yelping pack at my heels and on my sides, it was dodge and double, now to the right and now to the left. Hands were thrust out to seize me; my clothes were half torn from my shoulders; blows were aimed at me with heavy clubs.

I had run perhaps a mile, when I came to a space almost bare of trees. On the further side of this clearing I saw the huts of Werowocomoco. I had no doubt that my race was run and lost, for my pursuers held me to a straight course, and Werowocomoco became my goal. Yet I relaxed not an inch of my lead, though I felt my case was desperate.

Now I was running amongst the scattered huts, when a grim figure darted across my path; I heard a club whistle above my head, and then in a twinkling, earth and sky seemed to come together at my very feet. The huddle of huts, the winter sunlight, the yells of the angry pursuers, a savage pack at my heels — all were snuffed out.

II

When my sense returned, I found myself lying at full length on a bed of skins; at my feet a smoulder-

ing fire gave out the odor of cedar wood, and a scant light to a dark interior which, I judged, must be that of an Indian lodge. I sought to lift myself by my elbows, but the effect let me know that my head was very dizzy, and I sank back groaning. There was a slight movement at the other side of the fire and some one spoke my name.

"I doubted you would ever come back to life, Master Farraday, you lay so long as one dead," a voice said.

"I have a thick skull," I replied. "Who are you?"

"I am young Henry Spilman."

I could make out his slight boyish figure in the uncertain light. He had come to Virginia as a sort of page to Captain Ratcliffe.

"Were any others saved?" I asked.

"All but us are dead to the last gasp and the last man," he said, with a shudder.

"Where are we?" I asked, after a pause.

"At Werowocomoco," he said.

"And how is it we two were not slain with the others?" I demanded.

"I do not know how you came here," he replied, "but the comeliest Indian maid I have yet seen had them spare my life."

"Pocahontas!" I cried.

"They were about to make an end of me," he went on, "when the maid interfered. By her orders

I was brought here, to find you, Master Farraday, stretched out like one dead."

"You may thank God he has given Pocahontas so tender a heart," I said; and my courage began to return.

Just then the flaps of the skin that answered for a door were pushed aside. Through this low opening there came the pale light of a moonlit winter's night. A figure appeared in the opening, and then the curtains dropped into their place. With my foot, I reached out and pushed the smoldering embers of the fire together, and a ruddy flame burst forth to show us the newcomer.

It was Pocahontas herself, in her robe of doeskin; and I vow no man ever looked on a royal mistress with more of honest love and gratitude than I did on the little princess, whom I doubted not had made herself the merciful instrument to save my life. She had not been nigh Jamestown since John Smith had left us, so that I had not seen her in some months. But that she had not forgotten me I had good evidence, for she spoke my name with a certain mistrust of the English, yet distinctly for all that.

I answered her in her own tongue, which I spoke as well as any man at Jamestown, aware that she knew but a few words of English. I expressed my gratitude that she had saved my life. To this she listened patiently; and when I had done she asked me if Captain Smith was gone from Jamestown, as

she had been told. When I answered that he had, I saw by the glow of the fire a sad look come to her face and I wondered if the little wild princess was not in love with the young soldier.

"And whither has he gone, Farraday?" she asked.

"To his own people."

"And will he come back?" she asked.

"I doubt not he will."

"And will he be very angry with Powhatan for killing the men?" she demanded, anxiously.

"How many suffered death?" I returned.

"All but you and the boy and one man who escaped to the boats."

"What will become of Henry and me?" I asked.

"You are Captain Smith's friend, Farraday," she said, resting her small brown hand on my arm.

"Yes," I said.

"You shall live to tell him that Pocahontas was ever a friend to the English."

"And the boy?"

"He shall live, too," said the girl.

Before she left, Pocahontas told me that we were not to be permitted to return to Jamestown at once, but we were to have no fear. This was not what I counted on, but it was so much better than having my brains beaten out with clubs that I determined to make the best of my captivity. And in the end the captivity turned out to be the best for me.

Yet it troubled me daily to see the scalps of my

comrades hanging on a pole fixed between two trees which grew before the emperor's lodge. Here, too, I would see the grim old Powhatan, wrapped in his scarlet robe, walking back and forth and probably plotting new massacres, with more scalps to hang on his pole. The sight served me as a reminder of his cruelty and I took pains never to offend him.

We had been at Werowocomoco some four weeks when we learned from Pocahontas that the emperor was making ready to go to the head waters of the Chickahominy, and that it was his purpose to take us with him. We left Werowocomoco the next day and journeyed first to the head of the York, then we ascended the Pamunkey, on whose banks we left our canoes and crossed to the Chickahominy. At a village there, Powhatan would have me manage the building of a house for him like those at Jamestown; especially he desired a chimney for it. So against my wishes, I found myself playing architect for the old savage. I was furnished with an abundance of labor, and for tools I had the saws and axes his tribe had stolen from us or obtained in trade.

As I worked on the house and the weeks slipped by, the savages told me something of what was going forward at Jamestown. There was much sickness there; some of the captains were seeking abroad for trade; one of the ships had gone back to England.

At last I finished the new royal residence, in which Powhatan at once set up his bedstead. This work

took me to the end of April, by which time my craving to return to Jamestown was well-nigh intolerable. I knew that the London Company's ships could now be looked for any day. Powhatan, when I asked him, at length gave me permission to go back.

I returned to the York with him and was put on the other side of the river. I lost no time in crossing the narrow neck between that river and the James.

III

I came within sight of the glasshouse and quickened my pace, thinking I might find some of the colonists at work there. As I drew nearer, however, I observed that the place had an utterly abandoned air and that the path which led away through the wood to Jamestown was choked with fresh vegetation. By this I knew there could have been little passing that way in the last month at least. I entered and had gone only a little distance along this path, when I caught sight of a lonely figure amongst the trees. This brought me to an instant stand, for I was unable to determine on the moment whether it was one of our colonists or some skulking Indian, whom it would have been an ill thing for me to meet unarmed. A second glance, however, told me that it was an Englishman.

He came to me with his head bent forward as if closely scanning the ground, now and then pausing to scratch amongst the dead leaves with a stick he car-

ried. When he approached to within some fifty paces of me, I set up an hulloo, which caused him to look up; and, with never a glance in my direction, he shuffled off into the woods at what was meant to be a run but was no more than a slow and painful limp. I called again, this time bidding him stop, and this time he paused uncertainly.

A more wretched creature I had never looked on than this pitiful object, who was ready to flee at the very sound of human voice. He was naught but yellow parchment skin and bones, with wild, deep-sunk eyes that sent forth an unearthly light; beard and hair had not known the barber's shears in months; his clothes hung about him in tatters. In one hand he carried the stick with which he had been scratching amongst the dead leaves and the other clutched a miserable handful of sassafras roots.

"God love you, sir," he cried in a querulous voice. "And who are you?"

As he spoke I recognized him — Richard Belfield, the London Company's perfumer, who had once been neat and well dressed but was now a foul creature of sickness and famine, with a wolfish stare and hunger writ large and terrible on every shrunken feature.

"Do you not know me, Master Belfield?" I asked.

"Know you? You have a well-fed look. Whither do you come?" he asked.

"From living with the Indians," I said.

He limped away a step or two, his eyes wide with terror. I caught up with him in an instant.

"Why do you run? There are no savages here," I said.

"I was so beaten with clubs by the savages a fortnight past," he answered, "that I can scarce manage to shuffle. For days I lay on my bed in Jamestown, with no one coming near, starving by inches — starving and no one heeding my plight!"

Such was his utter weakness that the mere memory of what he had suffered caused the tears to fall on his unkept beard.

"I am Richard Farraday. Have you forgotten me, Master Belfield?"

He gave me an uncertain glance expressive of terror.

"Trouble me no more," he said. "I knew Master Farraday well, but the savages beat out his brains along with those of the others of his company."

Clearly the man was crazed by the suffering he had endured. I took him by the arm, and the human contact seemed to reassure him.

"Alive and well, Master Farraday?" he said. "And having the look of a well-fed man!"

He smacked his lips with a wolfish relish at the very thought.

Then I remembered that I had in my pocket a piece of dried venison. This I drew forth and handed him, and he pounced on it as hungrily as a starving

cur would have done. When the last bite of venison had disappeared, I asked:

"And now what of the company at Jamestown?"

"Lord! Lord!" he cried. "Such times as there have been for us!"

"Are they hungry?" I asked; but there was no need to ask.

He put a dirty hand on my arm.

"Most are gone where they will never be hungry again. You left us some four hundred strong. How many do you think remain?"

"A half," I said, at a hazard.

He laughed harshly.

"Not a hundred. As I am a truthful man, Master Farraday, scarcely sixty remain alive to curse the day they first saw this land."

I fell back as one who had received a blow.

"But sixty!" I gasped.

"Some the savages killed, but by far the greater number starved!" he said.

"Does Lieutenant Percy live?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but prostrate with sickness."

I went forward, with the man at my side.

"After Captain Smith left us," he said, "the strong would no longer gather for the weak. We sought trade with the Indians, but for the most part got nothing but wounds with clubs and arrows."

"But the hogs at the island, and the sheep and the goats?" I demanded.

"Our officers and the savages wasted them. Sometimes the Indians would bring a little grain, but they drove hard bargains. For the most part we lived on acorns, roots, and walnuts; nor dared we venture far from Jamestown to gather oysters. The Indians were ever on the watch to slay us."

"Terrible!" I cried.

"There is worse to tell," he went on. "For so great was the famine that some of the poorer sort dug up a savage that had been killed and ate of him."

We entered Jamestown while he was speaking, and such a Jamestown! Half of its houses were gone, its streets rank with foul vegetation, while here and there amidst the ruins I saw the thin figure of some man, woman, or child. These figures were terrible to look on, gaunt famine shadows. And as I stood gazing over the ruin that had been wrought, a shrill cry came floating up from the shore.

"A ship! A ship!"

At this cry Jamestown threw off its dull stupor, bred of hunger and despair; the houses gave out the scanty population and a babble of voices. Then came again the cry:

"A ship! A ship!"

The London Company's ships, bearing food and help, had arrived at last.

Presently the ships lay at anchor, and boats were seen approaching the shore. The remnant of the

population of Jamestown hovered on the waters, waiting with famine-hollowed eyes for the relief that was coming.

A man of commanding presence stepped from a boat. It was Sir Thomas Gates. "Bread! Bread!" cried the people. Then it was that Gates learned that he had come in time to save the colony from destruction and he fell on his knees on the sand and gave thanks to God.

stockade (stŏk-ād′), a line of thick posts set upright in the earth to form a fence
James, the James River in Virginia, where the Jamestown settlement was founded
palisade, a stockade
Spanish treasure ships, Spanish ships returning to Europe with gold and silver from the Spanish-American mines
Werowocomoco (wĕr-ō-wō-ɛō-mōɛ′o)
safe con′duct, a permission to pass through the military lines or the territory of an enemy
lag′gard, one who falls behind in a march
lodge, a cabin
captiv′ity, imprisonment
head waters, the source of a river
Chickahominy (chĭk-a-hōm′ĭ-ny)
in tol′er a ble, something that cannot be endured
skulking, moving about secretly
sassafras (săs′a-frăs), a tree
querulous (kwĕr′ụ-lŭs), complaining
writ, stamped, marked
gaunt (gạnt), thin, wasted
stupor (stūp′or), dulness
hov′er, to stand near

Lesson VI

CHARLES GOODYEAR, INVENTOR OF VULCANIZED RUBBER[1]

Edwin Wildman

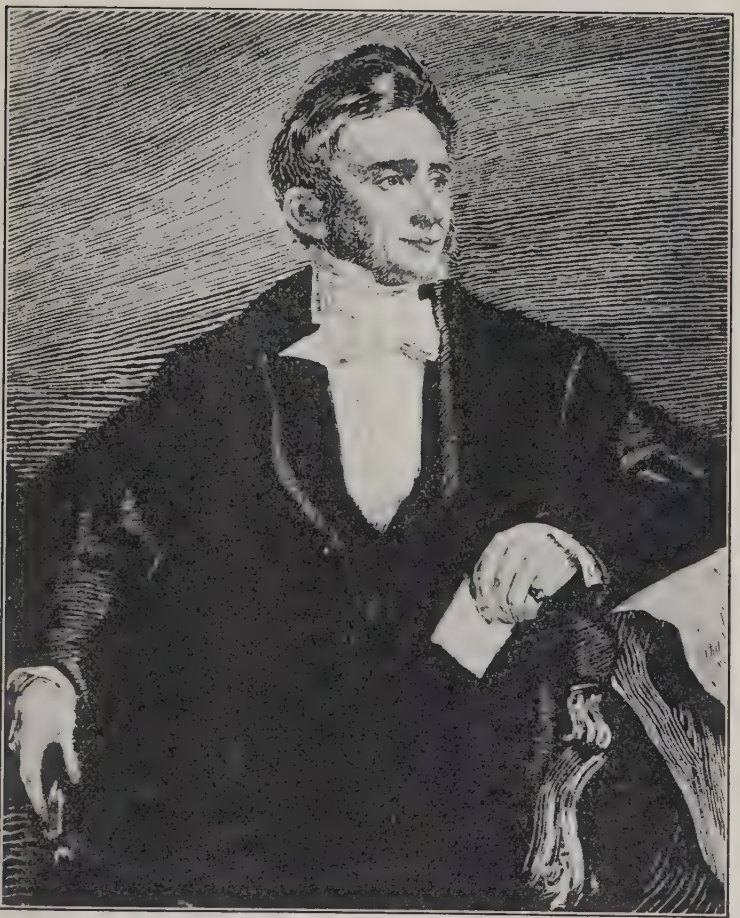
To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can write the answers to the questions given below. Try to write at least a short paragraph for each answer.

1. How was Goodyear's discovery like that of Newton and Stephenson?
2. Why was rubber at one time a curiosity?
3. In what way were the first rubber goods poor in quality?
4. How many failures did Goodyear make in business?
5. When did the government give him a patent?
6. What sad things happened in his life?

A slight accident has often resulted in a great invention or discovery. Sir Isaac Newton, the English writer and mathematician, was asleep under an apple-tree when a ripe apple dropped upon his forehead, wakening him. This led to his great discovery of the law of gravitation, which explains how the

[1] From Wildman's "Famous Leaders of Industry." Used by permission of L. C. Page and Company, publishers.



Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. Photo.

CHARLES GOODYEAR

heavenly bodies, such as the sun, the moon, and the earth, attract one another and keep their position in space. The boy Stephenson, watching his mother's kettle on the fire, was startled when he saw the lid suddenly rise, let out a puff of steam, and then suddenly fall, only to rise and fall again a moment later. This rising and falling of the lid became more and more frequent as the boiling water gave out more and more steam, until finally the lid was lifted off the kettle altogether. This little incident gave the lad the wonderful idea of harnessing steam, and he invented the steam engine which changed industry and travel by land and sea.

One cold spring day Mr. Goodyear was standing before a stove in a store at Woburn, Massachusetts, explaining to some acquaintances the properties of a piece of india-rubber which he was holding between his fingers, when he accidentally dropped it on the almost red-hot stove. He naturally expected it to be burned, or at any rate melted, but, to his surprise, it was only shriveled and hardened, not softened.

This little accident would have meant nothing to most men, but it opened Goodyear's eyes, for his senses and wits had been sharpened by poverty and want. He continued his experiments with india-rubber with the utmost vigor, for he had made the discovery that rubber, when mixed with sulphur — a pale, yellowish substance from which matches are

made — and heated to a very high temperature, would become, and stay, hard; that is, would not soften or melt. In other words, the art of vulcanizing rubber was almost within his grasp, his only remaining difficulty being to find the exact degree of heat and the exact space of time to apply it.

India-rubber at this time was more or less of a curiosity, or toy. Chunks, or balls, of the curious substance were given to children to play with because, when thrown to the ground or against a wall, the rubber would bound back, high in the air many times, before "going dead" on the ground. It was the delight of boys and girls. Goodyear's accident with a piece of his prepared rubber led to its world-wide use, in many ways, in commerce.

Charles Goodyear, whose invention has proved a great benefit to humanity, was one of the most unfortunate of our great inventors, and, though successful in perfecting his invention, died in debt. Charles, the son of Amasa Goodyear, who was the first man to make hay-forks of steel instead of iron, was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on December 29, 1800. He attended the public schools of New Haven, and spent most of his early youth on his father's farm, or in his factory. He was a great reader, being especially fond of the Bible and other religious works. While doing odd jobs around the farm, he made improvements in first one thing and then another. On coming of age, his father, then in

business in Philadelphia, took him into the firm. The business of A. Goodyear and Sons was quite prosperous until 1830, when bad times came, and the firm had to stop business.

It was at this period that a rubber boom started. Large quantities of the raw article were imported into the United States, india-rubber factories sprang up and many companies were organized for its manufacture into shoes and coats. But the goods were very unsatisfactory. The shoes and coats made in winter softened and fell apart in summer. And severe cold froze them stiff.

Some friends, it is said, presented Daniel Webster, the famous stateman and orator, with one of these new-fangled india-rubber coats and hats, in the early days of their manufacture. One cold morning he went out into the front porch of his home wearing them. They froze as hard as iron; so, releasing himself from his stiff coat, which stood on the porch where he left it, and putting the hat on top of it, he went inside. Friends passing by bowed to the stiff figure, believing it to be the great Daniel Webster.

India-rubber was known for a hundred years or more before Goodyear's day. French scientists had discovered in Peru, in 1735, a tree whose bark when pierced yielded a milky gum. This sap was collected in clay vessels and, when dried in the sun, became hard. This hard material was caoutchouc, or raw rubber, and for a long time was nothing but a curi-

osity. In England small pieces of this raw rubber were for quite a time sold at a high price as curiosities, coming in time, however, to be used for erasing pencil marks. Then about 1830 Mackintosh, an English manufacturer, used it in his famous waterproof coats, inserting a thin layer between two pieces of cloth. Mackintoshes, as these rubbery garments were called, soon became all the rage for wear in rainy weather.

It was in 1834 that Charles Goodyear turned his attention to india-rubber, and until he died his mind was wholly taken up with the idea of manufacturing from the substance a solid elastic material. Practically the first object of rubber that came to his attention was a life-preserver, for which he almost immediately invented a valve device, rushing to New York with it to see the Roxbury Company. The rubber fever was at its height then, resembling a gold or oil craze, and Goodyear was very hopeful of selling his invention. He soon found out, however, that the india-rubber industry was in a bad way and decided to devote his time to discovering some method of making india-rubber goods last.

This was soon after the failure of A. Goodyear & Son, and Charles, on his return to Philadelphia, was arrested and jailed for debt. For a while the young inventor was compelled to carry on his work and experiments in prison. Later he continued his experiments, though often in the greatest want, in New

York and Massachusetts. His courage was truly wonderful, and he never lost hope. Whenever he got a few dollars, they were immediately invested in new materials, and, with fresh courage and energy, he would go on experimenting.

About 1835 he got his first encouragement when, after many trials, he discovered that by boiling the gum (rubber) with magnesia in quicklime and water a substance resulted that seemed to be what was wanted. He got a patent and began to sell his product.

A year later came, by accident, another important discovery. After bronzing some india-rubber cloth, he applied some aqua fortis to remove some of the bronze, but, as it seemed to have destroyed the cloth, he threw it aside. A week later, on picking up the supposed spoiled piece of cloth, he saw that it had undergone quite a change. The acid had hardened it to such a degree that heat would no longer melt it. Then he considered that as the aqua fortis contained sulphuric acid, it was this latter that had "cured," or vulcanized, his india-rubber cloth.

The secret he had been seeking to discover, lo, these many days, was now his!

He soon found a partner with money and together they leased an abandoned rubber factory on Staten Island, New York, and also opened a store on Broadway, New York City.

Everything went splendidly for a year or two,

when the panic of 1837 ruined his partner, and again Goodyear was penniless. Everywhere he went to raise fresh capital he was ridiculed, and people began to call him the "India-rubber Maniac."

So, failing of success in New York, Goodyear settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts, where he succeeded in getting E. M. Chaffee to put the plant of the Roxbury Rubber Company at his disposal. Again for a while he was prosperous — and then again he was penniless. But his confidence in himself and faith in his product led him to persevere, and on and on he went, starving and struggling, even selling his children's school-books in order to buy food or materials. He used to bake his rubber mixtures in his wife's oven, and sometimes beg the use of ovens at the shops in Woburn after hours. The workmen thought him crazy.

Then one day came another important discovery. He saw one of his employees, Hayward, sprinkling the rubber with sulphur and drying it in the sun. Sulphur had the same effect, he noted, as aqua fortis or nitric acid, "cured" it just as well, and he found that heat, applied to the sulphured article, caused it to become pliant in cold weather, retain its wonderful elasticity or springiness at all times, and to lose much of its disagreeable odor. Hayward used to say that the process was revealed to him in a dream.

This discovery came in 1839, but with it came

greater hardships than ever. For a long time he was forced to live on charity. Once, half starving, in midwinter, he trudged many miles through the snow seeking aid. He stumbled in the snow over and over again, nearly dying from the cold. Finally he reached the home of a friend, who gave him enough money to keep himself and family all winter.

After undergoing almost unbelievable sufferings, the darkest hour of his life being the day when his child died from lack of food, he at last received the aid of his brother-in-law, William DeForrest, and, in 1844, obtained his patent for vulcanized rubber.

While in Washington getting the patent, he secured an interview with President Andrew Jackson, showing him some specimens of his manufactured rubber. The President gave him a letter over his own signature commending them.

Goodyear received his greatest help, though, from the Rider Brothers of New York, both men of wealth and of keen intelligence. They furnished a large sum of money to manufacture the Goodyear articles. Goodyear secured altogether about sixty patents, and at the World's Fair in London in 1851, the Great Council Medal was conferred upon him, and in Paris in 1855 he won the grand prize, also receiving from the hands of Napoleon III the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Though very poor to the day of his death, he lived to see his invention applied to fully five hun-

dred uses, and a huge army of people busy manufacturing "Goodyear rubber goods."

His invention conferred great benefits upon humanity, for many are the uses to which it has been made available. In our Civil War its great value was, for the first time, fully realized.

Goodyear had the sublime faith and stick-to-itiveness of the true inventor. Once he got his idea, he stuck to it, worked and worked, experimented and experimented, to the last ditch. His tenacity was truly wonderful. It equaled that of the potter, Palissy, who used all the furniture in his humble home and part of the house itself as fuel in his furnace to obtain the requisite heat to perfect his enamel ware.

To-day, thanks to Goodyear, the rubber industry has grown enormously and his name is a household word. American automobilists alone are spending now a billion dollars a year for rubber tires, and the uses of rubber in countless other ways, especially to relieve human suffering, are world wide.

Like wood, steel or copper, rubber has become a staple.

Had Goodyear lived to see the outbreak of the World War his wealth would have been very great. As it was he died in debt, but *not*

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

rubber boom, a sudden demand for rubber
Peru (pĕ-rụ′), a South American country
caoutchouc (ẹụ′chục), india-rubber

Mack'in tosh

elas'tic, springy

life-pre ser'ver, an apparatus used to keep shipwrecked people from drowning

valve (vălv), an apparatus that opens a passage and permits the flow of a liquid or gas in one direction and closes it to prevent its return

magnesia (măg-nē'shi-a), a light, white powder

pat'ent, a government protection to an inventor, granting him for a specific time the sole right of making and using an invention

bronze, to give a coat of bronze

aqua fortis (ā'kwa fōr'tis), nitric acid, a chemical substance used in this particular case to wear away part of the bronze coating

sulphuric acid (sŭl-fūr'ic ăç'id), a chemical substance made from sulphur

panic of 1837, a year when business was very bad and many banks and commercial firms failed

maniac (mā'ni-ac), a crank

persevere (pēr-se-vēr'), to persist in a purpose, to stick to it

pliant (plī'ant), easily bent or twisted

Napoleon III, Emperor of France from 1852 to 1871

Legion of Honor, a French honorary society to which distinguished men are elected

ten ac'ity, perseverance, "stick-to-it-iveness"

Palissy (pä-lï-sÿ'), Bernard Palissy, a famous French potter who invented enamel ware

staple, a well-established article of commerce

Lesson VII

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

John J. Daly

To the Pupil:

This poem is intended for oral reading. Be sure that you can pronounce each word in it. Study the poem so that you can answer these questions.

1. About what part of the flag is the first stanza?

2. Find the different things which are said about the "red of it."

3. About what part of the flag is the second stanza?

4. Find the different things which are said about the "white of it."

5. About what part of the flag is the third stanza?

6. Find the different things which are said about the "blue of it."

7. About what part of the flag is the last stanza?

8. Find the different things which are said about the "whole of it."

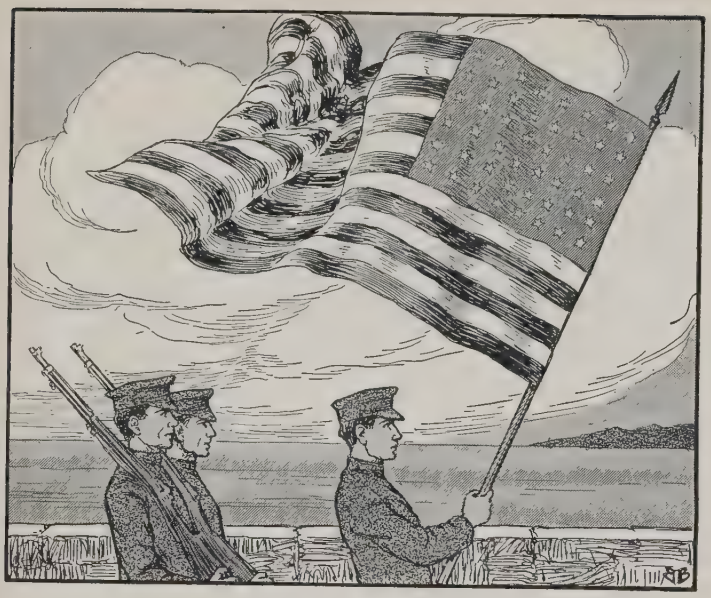
9. Why do you think so many lines end in the word "it."

If you understand all the questions and can pronounce all the words, you are ready to try to read it orally. It is hard to do and you will need to practice it several times.

Here's to the Red of it!
There's not a thread of it;
No, nor a shred of it,
In all the spread of it,
  From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
  Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it!
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it,
But feels the might of it
  Through day and night?
Womanhood's care of it
Made manhood dare for it,
Purity's prayer for it
  Keeps it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it!
Beauteous view of it,
Heavenly hue of it,
Star-spangled dew of it,
  Constant and true.
States stand supreme for it,
Diadems gleam for it,
Liberty's beam for it
  Brightens the Blue.



Here's to the whole of it !
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,
Body and soul of it;
On to the goal of it,
  Carry it through.
Home or abroad for it,
Unsheathe the sword for it,
Fight in accord for it,
  RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

beauteous (bū'te-ŭs), full of beauty
diadem (dī'a-dĕm), a crown
unsheathe, to take out of the scabbard

Lesson VIII

THE SUN[1]

G. E. Mitton

To the Pupil:

Read this story about the sun so that you can make a report upon it before your class. Those who make a good report usually have some notes before them. These notes should include all the important points to be made in the report as well as some of the minor points under each main head.

Although the sun is very far away, a large number of things have been discovered about him. He is, of course, extremely difficult to observe, for though he is so large, which should make it easy, he is so brilliant that any one regarding him through a telescope without prepared glasses to keep off a great part of the light, would be blinded at once.

One most remarkable fact about the sun is that his surface is flecked with spots, which appear sometimes in greater numbers and sometimes in less, and the reason and shape of these spots have given men much food for thought. Sometimes they are large enough to be seen without a telescope at all, merely by looking through a piece of smoked or colored glass, which cuts off the most overpowering rays.

[1] From Mitton's "The Book of Stars." Used by permission of A. & C. Black, Ltd., publishers.

When they are visible like this, they are enormous, large enough to swallow many earths in their depths. At other times they may be observed by the telescope; then they may be about five thousand miles across. Sometimes one spot can be followed by an astronomer as it passes all across the sun, disappears at the edge, and after a while comes back again round the other edge. This first showed men that the sun, like all the planets, rotates on his axis, and gave them the means of finding out how long he takes in doing so.

But the spots showed a most surprising result, for they took slightly different times in making their journey round the sun, times which differed according to their position. For instance, a spot near the sun's equator took twenty-five days to make the entire distance around the sun, while one higher up or lower down took twenty-six days, and one further out, twenty-seven; so that if these spots are, as it is certainly believed, actually on the surface, the conclusion is that the sun does not rotate all in one piece, but that some parts go faster than others. No one can really explain how this could be, but it is certainly more easily understood in the case of a body of gas than of a solid body, when it would be simply impossible to conceive.

The spots seem to keep principally a little north and a little south of the equator; there are very few actually at it, and none found near the poles, but no

reason for this distribution has been discovered. It has been noted that about every eleven years the greatest number of spots appears, and that they become fewer again, mounting up in number to the next eleven years, and so on.

All these curious facts show there is much yet to be solved about the sun. The spots were supposed for long to be eruptions bursting up above the surface, but now they are generally held to be deep depressions like saucers, probably caused by violent storms, and it is thought that the inrush of cooler matter from above makes them look darker than the other parts of the sun's surface. But when we use the words "cooler" and "darker," we mean only by comparison, for in reality the dark parts of the spots are brighter than electric light.

The fact that the spots are really depressions or holes is shown by their change of appearance as they pass over the face of the sun toward the edge.

It sounds odd to say that the best time for observing the sun is during a total eclipse, for then the sun's body is hidden by the moon. But yet, to a certain extent, this is true, and the reason is that the sun's own brilliance is our greatest hindrance in observing him; his rays are so dazzling that they light up our own atmosphere, which prevents us seeing the edges. Now, during a total eclipse, when nearly all the rays are cut off, we can see marvellous things, which are invisible at other times. But total eclipses

are few and far between, and so when one is approaching astronomers make great preparations beforehand.

A total eclipse is not visible from all parts of the world, but only from that small part on which the shadow of the moon falls, and as the earth travels, this shadow, which is really a round spot, passes along, making a dark band. In this band astronomers choose the best observatories, and there they take up their stations.

The dark body of the moon first appears to cut a little piece out of the side of the sun, and as it sails on, gradually blotting out more and more, eager telescopes follow it; at last it covers up the whole sun, and then a marvellous spectacle appears, for all round the edges of the black moon are seen glorious red streamers and arches and filaments of marvellous shapes, continually changing. These are thrown against a background of pale green light that surrounds the black moon and the hidden sun. In early days astronomers thought these wonderful colored streamers belonged to the moon; but it was soon proved that they really are part of the sun, and are only invisible at ordinary times, because our atmosphere is too bright to allow them to be seen. An instrument has now been invented to cut off most of the light of the sun, and when this is attached to a telescope, these prominences, as they are called, can be seen at any time, so that there is no need to wait for an eclipse.

What are these marvellous streamers and filaments? They are what they seem, eruptions of fiery matter discharged from the throbbing sun thousands of miles into surrounding space. They are forever shooting out and bursting and falling back, fireworks on a scale too enormous for us to conceive. Some of these brilliant flames extend for three hundred thousand miles, so that in comparison with one of them the whole world would be but a tiny ball, and this is going on day and night without stop.

All the time you have lived, and your father, and grandfather, and right back to the beginnings of history, and far, far back into the dim ages, this exhibition of energy and power has continued, and only of late years has any one known anything about it; even now a mere handful of people do know, and the rest who are warmed and fed and kept alive by the beams of this great revolving glowing fireball, never give it a thought.

I said just now a pale green halo surrounded the sun, extending far beyond the prominences; this is called the corona and can only be seen during an eclipse. It surrounds the sun in a kind of shell, and there is reason to believe that it too is made of luminous stuff ejected by the sun in its burning fury. It is composed of large streamers or filaments, which seem to shoot out in all directions; generally these are not much larger than the apparent width of the sun, but sometimes they extend much further. The

puzzle is, this corona cannot be an atmosphere in any way resembling that of our earth; for the gravitational force of the sun, owing to its enormous size, is so great that it would make any such atmosphere cling to it much more dense near to the surface, while it would be thinner higher up, and the corona is not dense in any way, but thin and tenuous throughout. This makes it very difficult to explain; it is supposed that some kind of electrical force enters into the problem, but what it is exactly we are far from knowing yet.

overpowering, very powerful
ro'tate, to turn
ax'is, a line on which a body, like a top or a wheel, rotates
equator (e-kwā'tor), a circle or band equally distant from the sun's two poles, that is, from the top and the bottom
eruption (e-rŭp'shon), a sudden bursting out
eclipse (e-clĭps'), the darkening of a heavenly body by passing through the shadow cast by another
filament (fĭl'a-ment), a fine thread
prom'i nen ces, *see text for meaning*
halo (hā'lo), a circle of light
corona (eō-rō'na), *see text for meaning*
luminous (lū'mi-nŭs), full of light
eject', to throw out
gravitational force of the sun, the force which the sun exerts drawing all things near it toward its center
dense, thick and solid
tenuous (tĕn'yụ-ŭs), thin

Lesson IX

THE DROWNING OF PECOS[1]

C. F. Lummis

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can tell the story well. You must have in mind the main parts of the story and the details about each main part. After you have read the story, make an outline containing the main points that you wish to tell and some of the minor points which you wish to tell about each of the main points. If your teacher calls on you to tell the story, keep this outline before you.

Twenty-five miles southeast of Santa Fé, New Mexico, lie the deserted ruins of the ancient Pueblo town of Pecos. The village was finally abandoned by the Indians in 1840. Their neat houses of adobe brick and stone, and their quaint adobe church, have sadly fallen to decay. The history of the abandonment of Pecos is by no means startling, but the Indian tradition — for they have already added this to their countless myths — is decidedly so.

The story is related by two aged Pecos Indians who still live in the pueblo of Jemez.

"Now, this is a true story," said my informant, an Isleteno, who had often heard it from them.

[1] From Lummis' "Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories." Used by permission of The Century Company, publishers.

Once Pecos was a large village, and had many people. But it happened that nearly all of them had the evil road, and in the whole town there were but five True Believers (in the Indian religion). These were an old woman, her two sons, and two other young men. Agostin, her elder son, was a famous hunter, and very often went to the mountains with a friend of his who had an evil spirit, though Agostin was not aware of that.

One day the friend invited Agostin to go hunting, and next day they went to the mountains. Just at the foot they found a herd of deer, one of which Agostin wounded. The deer fled up the mountain, and the two friends followed by the drops of blood. Half-way up to the top they came to a second herd, which ran off to the right of the trail which they were following, and the evil-spirited friend went in pursuit of them, while Agostin kept on after the one he had wounded.

He came at last to the very top of the mountain, and there of a sudden the trail ceased. Agostin hunted all about, but in vain, and at last started down the other side of the mountain.

As he came to a deep canyon, he heard singing, and, peering cautiously through the bushes, he saw a lot of witch-men sitting around a fallen pine and singing, while their chief was trying to raise the tree.

Agostin recognized them all, for they were of Pecos, and he was much grieved when he saw his

friend among them. Then he knew that the deer had all been witches, and that they had led him off on a false trail.

Greatly alarmed, he crept back to a safe distance, and then hurried home and told his aged mother all that had happened, asking her if he should report it to the Cacique.

"No," said she, with a sigh, "it is of no use, for he, too, has the evil road. There are but few True Believers left, and the bad ones are trying to use us up."

Among the five good people was one of the guards of the medicine-men; to him Agostin told his story. But he also said:

"It is of no use. We are too few to do anything."

At last the bad people falsely accused the old woman, saying that her power was more than that of all the medicine-men put together (which is a very serious charge, even to-day, among the Indians); and challenged her to come before all the people in the medicine-house and perform miracles with them, well knowing that she could not. The challenge was for life or death; whichever side won was to kill the others without being resisted.

The poor old woman told her sons with tears, saying:

"Already we are killed. We know nothing of these things, and we may make ready to die."

"Nay, Nana," said Agostin. "Despair not yet,

but prepare lunch for Pedro and me, that we go to other villages for advice. Perhaps there the medicine-men will tell us something."

So the mother, still weeping, made some tortillas, and, strapping these to their belts, the young men set out.

Pedro, the younger, went east, and Agostin took the road to the north. Whatever person they met, or to whatever village they came, they were to seek advice.

When Agostin came to the foot of the mountains, he was very thirsty, but there was no water. As he entered a gorge he saw a little bird which builds its nest with pebbles and clay in the crannies of the cliffs and is of exactly the same color as the sandstones. He thought:

"Ah, little bird, if you could speak, I would ask you where there is water, for I am fainting with thirst, and dare not eat, for that would make it worse!"

But the little bird, knowing his thought, said:

"Friend Agostin, I see that you are one of the True Believers, and I will show you where there is water; or wait, I will go and bring you some, for it is very far."

And off he flew.

Agostin waited, and presently the little bird came back, bringing an acorn-cup full of water. Then Agostin's heart sank, and he thought:

"Alas! what good will that drop do me?"

But the little bird replied:

"Do not think that way, friend. Here is enough and even more; for when you drink all you wish, there will still be some left."

And so it was. Agostin drank and drank, then ate some tortillas and drank again; and when he was satisfied, the acorn-cup was still nearly full.

Then the little bird said:

"Now, come and I will lead you. But when we come to the top of the mountain, and I say, 'We are at the top,' you must say, 'No, we are down in the mountain, at the bottom of it'. Do not forget."

Agostin promised, and the little bird flew in front of him. At last they were at the top, and the little bird said:

"Here we are, friend, at the top."

"No," answered Agostin, "we are down in the mountain, at the bottom of it.

Three times the little bird repeated his words and three times Agostin made the same answer.

At the third reply they found themselves in a room in the mountain. There was a door in front of them, and beside it stood a guard, who said to Agostin (for the little bird had disappeared):

"Son, how came you here, where none ever think of coming? Do you think you are a man?"

Agostin told the whole story of the witches' challenge, and of how he had gone out to seek advice,

and of how the little bird had brought him here, and the guard said:

"You are coming with the thought of a man; so now come in."

And he opened the door.

But when Agostin entered the inner room, which was so large that no end could be seen, he found himself in the presence of the Trues in human shape.

There sat the gods of the East, who are white, and of the North, who are blue; and beyond them were the sacred animals: the mountain lion, the eagle, the bear, the buffalo, the badger, the hawk, the rabbit, the rattlesnake, and all the others that are of the Trues. Agostin was very much afraid, but the guard said to him:

"Do not fear, son, but take the heart of a man, and pray to all sides."

So he faced to the six sides, praying. When he had finished, one of the Trues spoke to him, and said:

"What can it be that brought you here? Take the heart of a man and tell us."

Then Agostin told his whole story; after which the Trues said to him:

"Do not be worried, son. We will help you out."

The principal True of the East said:

"Son, I will give you the clothes you must wear when you are in the medicine-house for the contest of power."

And he gave Agostin four dark-blue breech-clouts and some moccasins for himself and the three other good young men, and a black *manta* and a pair of moccasins for his mother.

"Now," said the True, "the evil-spirited ones will have this medicine-making contest in the *estufa*, and when you enter, you five, you must all be dressed in these clothes. The people will all be there, old and young, and there will hardly be room for you to stand; and they will all sneer at you and spit upon you. But do not be sorry. And take this cane to hold between you. Let your mother take it with one hand at the bottom, then the guard's hand, then her other hand, and then his other hand; and last your brother's hand, your hand, then his other hand, and your other hand at the top of all. And when you say, 'We are at the top of the mountain,' he must answer, 'No, we are down in the mountain, at the bottom of it.' This you must keep saying. Now go, son, with the heart of a man."

Then the guard led Agostin out, and the little bird showed him the way down the mountain.

When he reached home, it was the afternoon of the appointed day, and in the evening the medicine-making contest for life or death was to come.

In a little while the younger brother arrived, with his new clothes and moccasins torn to shreds; for he had travelled far in a rough country, without meeting a soul from whom to ask advice.

Agostin called together the four other True Believers and told them all that had happened and what they must do, giving them the sacred clothing.

In the evening they went to the *estufa*, which was crowded with the witch-people, so that they had barely room to stand.

Then the evil-spirited ones began to make medicine, and turned themselves into bears, coyotes, crows, owls, and other animals. When they were done, they said to the old woman:

"Now it is your turn. We will see what you can do."

"I know nothing about these things," she said, "but I will do what I can, and the Trues will help me."

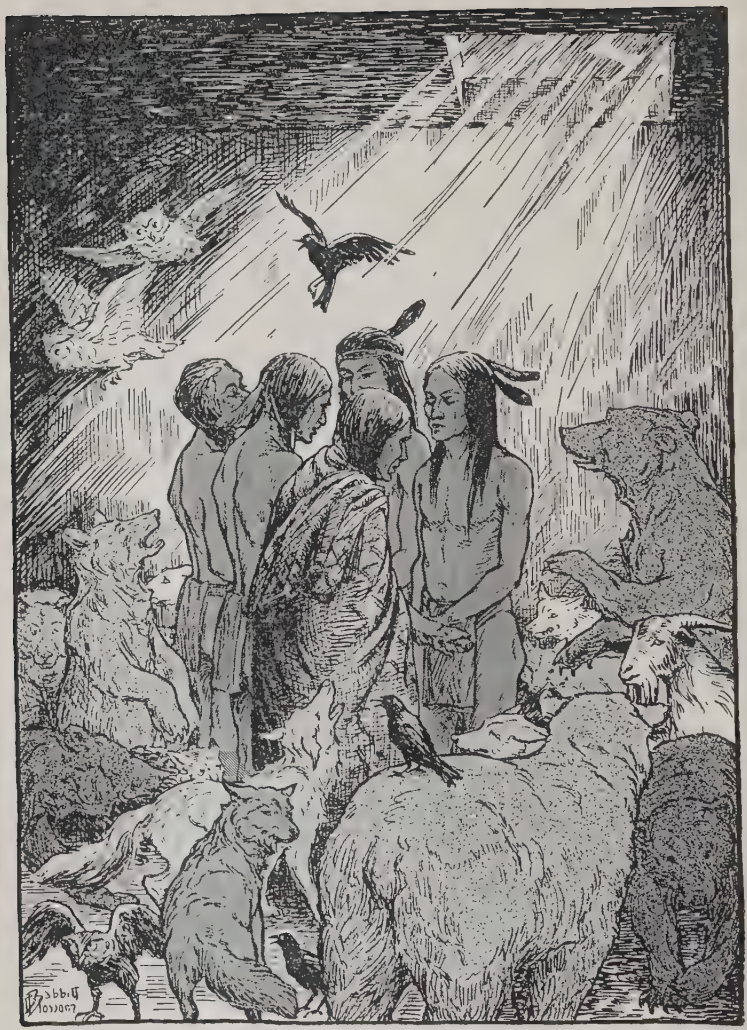
Then she and the four young men took hold of the sacred cane as the Trues had shown Agostin.

"We are at the top of the mountain," said he.

"No," answered his brother, "we are down in the mountain, at the bottom of it."

This they said three times. At the third saying the people heard on all sides the *guajes* of the Trues. At the same moment the ladder was jerked violently up out of the room, so that no one could get out.

Then the two brothers repeated their words again, and at the third saying the thunder began to roar outside, and all could hear plainly the singing and the *guajes* of the Trues. It began to rain violently, and the water poured through the roof-door, and the



lightning stuck its tongue in. The brothers kept repeating their words, and soon the water was knee-deep. But where the five True Believers stood, holding the cane, the floor was dusty. Soon the flood came to the waists of the witch-people, and then to their necks, and the children were drowning. Then they cried out to the old woman:

"Truly, mother, your power is greater than ours. We submit."

But she paid no attention to them, and her sons continued their words, and the water kept pouring in until it touched the very ceiling. But all around the five it stood back like a wall, and they were on dry ground.

At last the evil-spirited ones were drowned. Then the rain ceased and the water departed as fast as it had come. The ladder came down through the roof-door again, and the five True Believers climbed out and went to their homes.

But it was very desolate, for they were the only survivors. Their nearest relatives and dearest friends had perished with the other witch-people. At last they could no longer bear to live in the lonely valley, and they decided to live elsewhere. On the way the old mother and one of the men died. Agostin went to the pueblo of Conchiti, and Pedro and the guard settled in the pueblo of Jemez, where they were still living in the spring of 1891.

Pecos (pĕĕ′ōs), an Indian village of New Mexico

Santa Fé (sän'tä fe̱), the capital of New Mexico

Pueblo (pwe̱b'lo), one of the Indian tribes of the southwestern United States

adobe (a-dō'be), a sun-dried brick

Jemez (he̱m'e̱th), an Indian village of New Mexico

in for'mant, one who gives information

Isleteno (ĭs-le̱-te̱'no), a native of Isleta (ĭs-le̱'ta), an Indian village in the outskirts of Albuquerque, New Mexico

had the evil road, practised witchcraft

Agostin (ä-ḡos-tēn')

canyon (ɛän'yon), a deep gorge

Cacique (ɛä-çïk'), an Indian chief

med'i cine-man, a witch-doctor

medicine-house, the house where the witch-doctor practices his "medicine"

Pedro (pe̱d'ro)

tortillas (tōr-til'yas), pancakes made of corn-meal

manta (män'tä), a blanket used by the Indians as a robe

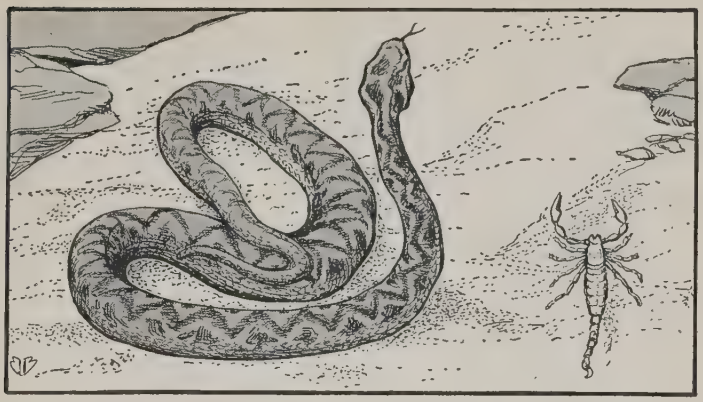
estufa (e̱s-tu̱'fä), a chamber in which some of the Indian tribes of the Southwest hold their secret councils

coyote (ɛo-yō'te), a prairie wolf

guajes (ḡwä'he̱s), thunder

ladder. The only entrance to an *estufa* is by a ladder let down through a door in the roof.

Conchiti (ɛōn-chï'ti)



Lesson X

THE VIPER AND THE SCORPION[1]

Jean-Henri Fabre

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can make an oral report upon it to your class. In order to make this report properly, you will need to decide these as follows:

1. What is your aim or purpose in making the report?
2. What are the main points which you expect to make in your report?
3. What do you expect to say about each of these main points?

Make notes for reference when you are called upon to make your report.

[1]From Fabre's "The Story Book of Science." Used by permission of The Century Co., publishers.

"You just said," interrupted Emile, "the bite of the viper, and not the sting. Then serpents bite, and do not sting. I thought it was just the other way. I have always heard they had a sting. Last Thursday lame Louis, who is not afraid of anything, caught a serpent in a hole of the old wall. He had two friends with him. They bound the creature round the neck with a rush. I was passing, and they called me. The serpent was darting from its mouth something black, pointed, flexible, which came and went rapidly. I thought it was the sting and was much afraid of it. Louis laughed. He said what I took for a sting was the serpent's tongue; and to prove it to me, he put his hand near it."

"Louis was right," replied Uncle Paul. "All serpents dart a very flexible, forked, black filament between their lips with great swiftness. For many purposes it is the reptile's weapon, or dart; but in reality this filament is nothing but the tongue, a quite harmless tongue, which the creature uses to catch insects and to express, in its peculiar manner, anger and fear, by darting it quickly from between the lips. All serpents, without any exception, have one; but in France the viper alone possesses the terrible venomous apparatus.

"This apparatus is composed, first, of two hooks, or teeth, long and pointed, placed in the upper jaw. At the will of the creature they stand up straight for the attack or lie down in a groove of the gum, and hold

themselves there as harmless as a stiletto in its sheath. In that way the reptile runs no danger of wounding itself. These fangs are hollow and pierced toward the point by a small opening through which the venom is injected into the wound. Finally, at the base of each fang is a little pocket full of venomous liquid. It is an innocent-looking liquid, odorless, tasteless; one would almost think it was water. When the viper strikes with its fangs, the venomous pocket drives a drop of its contents into the canal of the tooth, and the terrible liquid is injected into the wound.

"By preference the viper inhabits warm and rocky hills; it keeps under stones and thickets of brush. It is brown or reddish in color. On the back it has a dark zigzag band, and on each side a row of spots. Its stomach is slate-gray. Its head is a little triangular, larger than the neck, sharp and as if cut off in front. The viper is timid and fearful; it attacks man only in self-defense. Its movements are brusk, irregular, and sluggish.

"The other serpents of Europe, serpents designated by the general name of snakes, have not the venomous fangs of the viper. Their bite, therefore, is not of importance, and the disgust they inspire in us is really groundless.

"Next to the viper there is in France no venomous creature more to be feared than the scorpion. It is very ugly and walks on eight feet. In front it has

two pincers like those of the crayfish, and behind a knotty, curled tail ending in a sting. The pincers are harmless, despite their threatening look; it is the sting with which the end of the tail is armed that is venomous. The scorpion makes use of it in self-defense and to kill the insects on which it feeds. In the southern departments of France are found two different kinds of scorpions. One, of a greenish black, frequents dark and cool places and even establishes itself in houses. It leaves its hole only at night. It can be seen then running on the damp and cracked walls, seeking wood-lice and spiders, its customary prey. The other, much larger, is pale yellow. It keeps under warm and sandy stones. The black scorpion's sting does not cause serious injury; that of the yellow may be mortal. When one of these creatures is angry, a little drop of liquid can be seen forming into a pearl at the end of the sting, which is all ready to strike. It is the drop of venom that the scorpion injects into the wound.

"There are many other important things I could tell you about the venomous creatures of foreign countries, about different serpents whose bite causes a dreadful death; but I hear Mother calling us to dinner. Let us go over rapidly what I have just told you. No creature, however ugly it may be, shoots venom or can do us any harm from a distance. All venomous animals act in the same way; with a special weapon a slight wound is made; and into

this wound a drop of venom is introduced. The wound, by itself, is nothing; it is the injected liquid that makes it painful and sometimes mortal. The venomous weapon serves the creature for hunting and for defense. It is placed in a part of the body that varies according to the animal. Spiders have a double fang folded at the entrance of the mouth; bees, wasps, hornets, bumble-bees, have a sting at the end of the stomach, kept invisible in its sheath when at rest; the viper and all venomous serpents have two long hollowed-out teeth on the upper jaw; the scorpion carries a sting at the end of its tail."

viper (vī′per), a poisonous snake
scorpion (scôr′pi-on), *see text*
ser′pent, a snake
flex′i ble, easily bent
venomous (vĕn′o-mŭs), poisonous
reptile (rĕp′til), an animal, like the snake, the lizard, or the alligator, which generally crawls on its belly and has its body covered with scales
stiletto (sti-lĕt′o), a small knife with a thin blade
sheath, a case for a knife
mor′tal, deadly
entrails, the insides of an animal
fre quent′, to go to a place time and again
ven′om (vĕn′om), poison

Lesson XI

SOURCES OF WASTE[1]

A. H. and J. F. Chamberlin

To the Pupil:

The first paragraph in this lesson has a short statement printed at the beginning in bold faced type. This is called a *paragraph heading.* Such a heading is supposed to give to the reader the main point of the paragraph. After reading the second paragraph carefully, try to write a heading which will fit it as well as the one for the first paragraph. Do this also for the third paragraph.

Habits of wastefulness. To use a large cake of soap and destroy the remainder when a small piece will do equally well; to leave the electric lights burning when no one is in the room; to use large sheets of fine grade paper in school or home when small pads will meet every requirement; to purchase large amounts of any kind of goods so that portions are permitted to spoil or be cast away; to spend in complete idleness, not in wholesome pleasure or recreation, minutes that run into hours and hours that equal days: these are habits that are wasteful in the extreme. "It is not the cost of a single piece of soap, a single hour of useless light, a single sheet

[1]From Chamberlin's "Thrift and Conservation." Used by permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

of paper, a match, a cent or two that counts; it is the totals that make the astonishing losses."

There are in our great cities great wastes in numberless ways. There is waste in electricity for lighting and waste in gas for heat and for fuel. There is waste in water through carelessness and because of poor pipes. There is waste in lumber in the destruction of thousands of wooden crates and boxes, large and small; and waste in paper and cardboard in the same way. Materials of every description are sent to the dump heap: partially worn clothing, unused dishes, crockery, tinware, and other utensils. Fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, eggs, bread, and bakery goods often spoil in the shops and in the homes.

But in many ways the most extravagant waste is found in the country. In cities we have oversight, and departments, and offices to report upon and improve conditions. Moreover, the city is the place of *consumption*, where as the country is that of *production*. The country is the source of raw materials. The farmer, or orchardist, or dairyman, or stockman, gives scant attention to waste or spoilage because he raises, as he says, many of his own foodstuffs. He "makes his living." Lack of system and careless handling and few labor-saving devices result in great loss.

The farmers of the United States each year lose in decay of cornstalks a total of $200,000,000. The loss from unnecessary spoiled eggs amounts to $40,-

000,000. Of 35,000 cars of potatoes shipped from Maine the annual waste is 700,000 bushels. Home canning of vegetables usually wasted on our farms would save America $100,000,000 annually.

place of consumption, where goods or foods are used up or eaten

place of production, where goods or foods are made or raised

raw material, stuff used to manufacture goods, such as iron, coal, cotton, lumber, etc.

spoilage, foods spoiled for lack of care

Lesson XII

RADIUM, THE MAGIC METAL

W. L. and S. H. Nida

To the Pupil:

Try to read this lesson so that you can answer the questions just below. Read the first question, and then look through the story until you find where this question is answered. Read all that is said about the question. Do the same for the other questions.

1. What is said about the value of radium?
2. Why do persons who handle radium have to be very careful?
3. What are some interesting things about the *glow* of radium?
4. What diseases are sometimes cured by means of radium?
5. How is radium obtained?
6. How long does radium last?

Radium is a white powder that looks like table salt. A pound of it would be worth a thousand pounds of gold or nearly a million dollars. Radium is very costly because it is so scarce. A mere pinch of it is worth a small fortune. There are only a few spoonfuls in all the world.

But radium is so powerful that too much of it would be dangerous. If a pound or two could be

gathered at one spot, it would kill people who came near. You might approach and even handle the powder without feeling any pain, but in a week or two your skin would peel off, your eyes would become blind, and death would soon follow.

Even the tiny amounts that we possess have caused harm to those who have experimented with them. One man carried in his vest pocket a small tube of it to use in a lecture, and about three weeks afterward the skin under the pocket turned red and began to fall away. A deep and painful sore formed that took weeks to heal.

Radium is so scarce, so costly, and so powerful that only men of science dare to experiment with it.

When seen in the dark, radium glows like live fire. The marvel of it is that while it gives off light and heat all the time, it does not seem to lose any weight. Think of a piece of coal burning day and night for many years, always giving off light and heat but losing no weight that you could measure, and not turning to ashes. A pound of radium will melt a pound of ice every hour and continue to do so almost forever. That is very much like the "perpetual motion" that men have tried to discover for centuries. If you could put enough radium in your furnace, you would never again have to feed or clean it.

A certain scientist kept his radium tubes in a pasteboard box for a time. When the box was broken, he removed the tubes and threw the box aside. Sev-

eral days later, having occasion one night to turn off the lights in his laboratory, he found the discarded box glowing in the dark. It had absorbed some of the rays of the radium.

Nearly every object that comes in contact with radium becomes "radio-active." This means that other substances get some new power from the radium, especially the power to shine or glow in the dark. Wherever darkness is a cause of danger, radium may be used to point the way to safety. A kind of radium paint is used on powerline switches where a fumble might cause electrocution. It is also used on watch and clock dials, on labels for poison bottles, on keyholes, and on the eyes of children's dolls.

You may wonder how radium, which is so costly, can be used on a two-dollar watch dial. The secret is that it is not the radium that is glowing, but the zinc that has only a tiny trace of radium. A mere pinch as big as a pin head will make the zinc shine on hundreds of thousands of watches.

If you should examine such a dial through a powerful magnifying glass, you would see the tiny explosions of the atoms of radium. These atoms explode at the rate of two hundred thousand a second. Thus the radium bombards the zinc till it glows. While the radium will last almost forever, the zinc wears out after being bombarded for a few years. The better the zinc the longer it will glow.

It is as a cure for disease that radium is most helpful to man. It is used to treat thousands of cases of cancer each year. Many cases are cured, and in others the suffering is relieved. It is also used as a cure for tumors. Nearly every large city has a hospital that is supplied with a small amount of radium. The surgeon uses only a tiny bit, perhaps the size of a pinhead, but even that may cost many thousand dollars.

To obtain radium is a very difficult and expensive process. In the first place pitchblende, from which we first got radium, is not plentiful. It is found in Norway, Egypt, North Carolina, Colorado, and Utah. Pitchblende is obtained in small lumps in veins of gold, silver, and mica. From pitchblende it is easy to get uranium. But to get radium from the refuse left over is a difficult task. Some one has said there is more gold in sea water than radium in the earth. Much of the radium in the world is now found in America. A great portion of it comes from carnotite found in the Paradox Valley in Colorado.

In 1909 Joseph Flannery of Pittsburgh went to Europe to find a cure for his sister who was afflicted with cancer. He learned that radium alone would help her, but that there was not enough radium in Europe to serve his purpose. So he returned to America, determined to make his own radium in this country.

The field was absolutely new, but he went to the

task bravely. He finally found and got control of a low-grade ore in Colorado. Every one discouraged him, but in 1913 he produced the first radium made in this country. The ore was obtained from narrow seams in the ground. It is packed in sacks and drawn by mule team to the railroad sixty miles away. Then it is shipped in carload lots to an extraction plant, in Pittsburgh or Orange, New Jersey, nearly three thousand miles away.

In order to obtain one thimbleful of radium the plant must handle and reduce a trainload of ore. It must go through five thousand different stages, which require six months' time.

Experiments have been made to find out the effect of radium on mice, guinea pigs, and other animals. If they are exposed to the light of radium long enough, they all lose their fur, then become blind, and finally die.

The great thing about radium, besides its tremendous power, is that every ounce that is added to what we already have is pure gain, for the metal will last almost forever. It will continue to give off light and heat for sixteen hundred years, and even then it is one half as powerful as at the start. After a second period of sixteen hundred years, we would still have a quarter of the amount we started with. It will go on like this for twenty thousand years, when it will at last change into common lead.

Scientists believe that this mysterious metal will

be a key to the unknown in science. Through radium they hope to learn how to change one element into another. It would be interesting and profitable to change metals into gold. But it would be worth more to man to learn how to get all the power from the atoms to do man's work. If we can only unlock this secret of nature, we shall have a new world. For with all this tremendous power man could work wonders.

powerline, a wire line for carrying electric current
e lec tro cu'tion, death caused by electricity
uranium (yụ-rā'ni-um), a white element
refine, to separate a metal from its impurities
carnotite (ĕär'nō-tīt), a rare element
Paradox (păr'a-dŏcks)
ore, a substance, sometimes a piece of a rock, containing metal;
  low-grade ore, ore containing little metal
extraction plant, a factory where ore is refined
reduce, to separate the metal in ore

Lesson XIII

THE BROWN THRUSH[1]

Lucy Larcom

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson carefully so that you can answer the questions at the end.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

[1]Used by permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be."

To the Pupil:

Pick out the words which tell about how the Brown Thrush feels.

glad	merry	free	cold
sorry	joyful	happy	proud

Pick out the words which name things in the picture which you see when you read the poem.

tree	boy	canary	dog	girl	boy
Jumper	cow	eggs	bird	nest	horse

Finish this sentence:

Children can help make the word joyful by ————

Lesson XIV

THE CRESCENT CITY[1]

E. W. Tomlinson

To the Pupil:

This lesson tells you about an interesting old city. Suppose that your parents have promised you a trip to this place and that they require you to find out two things:

1. The places of interest to be seen at this place.
2. The railroad routes to be used in getting to this old city.

Read the lesson in order to make a report upon the different points of interest to be seen in this old place. It will be helpful to take notes upon the lesson as you read.

Your teacher will help you find the railroad route to be used in travelling to the city.

The country around New Orleans is very flat and low. Indeed, its surface is only a few feet above the level of the sea. There are times when the tide of the lower Mississippi River rises so high that the waters would overflow these lands if it were not for the dikes or levees, which have been built to keep back the floods.

When we come within a few miles of the city, we

[1]From Tomlinson's "Places Young Americans Want to Know." Used by permission of D. Appleton and Company, publishers.

notice many swamps in which tall cypress and other trees are growing. Long strings of beautiful moss are hanging from the branches. Sometimes, right in the midst of these great trees, we see a sawmill or a lumber camp.

Years ago it was believed that the ground on which New Orleans stands was so soft that it was not safe to erect large buildings upon it. In recent years, however, the soil has been drained, and piles have been driven into it for the foundations of the many new and imposing buildings which now are to be seen in the city.

When the French Captain Bienville, in 1718, founded the city of New Orleans, he named the place for the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Soon afterward he made it the capital of the French colony of Louisiana. At that time Louisiana covered much more than the State which we know to-day. Much of the country through which the Mississippi River flows was a part of it.

Later, in 1763, Louisiana was ceded to Spain. The Spanish Governor had some trouble with the few people who lived there and at last was driven out by them. Then the Spanish soldiers and sailors came and shot the leaders of the people who had turned against the Governor.

In 1800 Spain ceded New Orleans to France. Three years later, in 1803, Thomas Jefferson arranged for the United States to purchase Louisiana;

Brown Brothers

THE TRANSFER OF LOUISIANA TO THE UNITED STATES
From a painting by T. de Thulstrup

and New Orleans and all the vast region beyond then became a part of our country.

So we see that three different nations have owned the Crescent City. Although it passed from the possession of one to another, many of the people who had come there still remained after the changes in control had been made. When you look about the city to-day, you find many things that make you think of the Spaniards; many others make you think of the French, and still many more of the Americans.

Why is New Orleans called the Crescent City? It would be difficult to find the reason for this name from anything you can see when you visit the city to-day. Years ago, however, when New Orleans was small, it was built along the shores of a bend of the Mississippi River. Because the town grew along this bend, its form at that time was like a crescent. In recent years it has grown so fast and so far in different directions that the shape of the crescent no longer is found.

One of our first visits after we arrive in New Orleans is to the French Quarter. This part of the city is one of the oldest. Soon, however, it will be gone and lofty buildings will take the place of the quaint little houses that still are to be seen.

How narrow the little streets are! We watch some of the people as they assemble in the market places. Some of them are talking French, just as their ancestors here did nearly two hundred years ago.

Indeed, it is not very long ago since the French language was heard in the courts, in society, and on the streets of New Orleans. Lately many Italians have been coming and are now living in the quarters once occupied by the French.

The influence of the old French and Spanish peoples is still strong. You notice the French or Spanish names on the corners of many streets. You notice also many houses that are built after the Spanish or French style of architecture. You still find traces of the customs of the two nations in the manner of life and in the ways of the people. Perhaps these are displayed most of all on the holidays.

On All Saints' Day, November 1, crowds of people go out to visit the cemeteries and decorate the graves. In certain of the cemeteries you will find tombs like some in Paris. In these tombs are several tiers or shelves upon which the bodies of the dead are laid.

Mardi-Gras, Shrove Tuesday, is the greatest of all the festival days. Then there are parades in which strange and beautiful floats are seen. All along the route of the parade the sidewalks are thronged. People are watching the many processions of those who are dressed in grotesque or fancy costumes. Many are wearing queer masks. Canal Street, which is very wide and is the leading business street of New Orleans, is crowded with people watching the parade. This festival has been celebrated since the early days of the city.

The people of New Orleans are very fond of taking their pleasures in the open air. Five or six miles from the Mississippi River, and near the city, there is a lake, Pontchartrain. Here the people come to fish, to sail their boats, and picnic along the shores in hot weather.

We are here in the early part of April. Already the leaves are appearing on the trees and the air is as warm and mild as it is in the North early in June. The lawns are green and many flowers are already in bloom.

We secure a driver who takes us for a ride along St. Charles Avenue. This is a very wide and beautiful street. There are plots of grass in the middle of it and driveways on either side. There are also many other beautiful residential streets that cross this long avenue.

Audubon Park is the place where sugar cane was first grown in the State. Now there is a sugar experimental station there. This park covers three hundred acres and is on the river front. We are deeply interested also in some spreading live oak trees, two hundred or more years old.

Of the people who live in New Orleans about one quarter are colored. The others are made up of American, French, German, Spanish, Irish, Italian, and other races.

It is said that nearly three million bales of cotton are handled on the docks of New Orleans every year.

It would be interesting to go into the fields and see the way the cottonseed is planted and how the plant is cared for until the fluffy little balls appear and then are picked and packed.

Sugar and molasses are also sources of great wealth. Besides these, rice, pork, timber, wool, corn, tobacco, and hides provide many industries.

New Orleans has a wonderful harbor and great wharves and warehouses that extend for miles along the shores. Hundreds of ships line these busy wharves. Coal, lumber, lime, cottonseed, and other products are brought here.

The city has two canals which greatly increase the commerce. Indeed, New Orleans is almost surrounded by water.

Years ago there were many stories told of the races between the great flat-bottomed boats that came down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

The river was so shallow that frequently these steamboats ran aground. They were strange-looking boats, too, for they were very large and very broad and flat. Far away one could hear the slap, slap of the blades of the paddle-wheels on the water. It is said there are eighteen thousand seven hundred and sixty miles over which one can sail, all of which are parts of the mighty river system of the Mississippi.

Here, too, is a large government dry dock, where ships can be raised out of the water while repairs are made to them. Near the mouth of the Mississippi

is the outlet of the greatest agricultural valley in all the world.

We must not leave the city before we visit some of the interesting squares and see more of the imposing statues. Among those which we most admire are the statues of General Lee and General Jackson.

In the War of 1812, General Jackson had about six thousand American soldiers under his command at New Orleans. Peace between the United States and Great Britain had been declared, but Jackson did not know it.

On the eighth day of January in 1815, a great battle was fought near the city between the American and the British soldiers. Among the latter were many brave veterans who had fought the great Napoleon. Their leader at New Orleans was a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. There were more than twelve thousand men in the British army at that time at New Orleans.

General Jackson had thrown up some lines of earthworks, which he strengthened with cotton bales.

When the fighting began the Americans waited for the redcoats to approach within two hundred yards of their ranks before they fired. In less than one-half hour the attacking force was shattered and scattered. The commander had been killed, and the entire British loss was twenty-six hundred men. On the American side only eight were killed and thirteen wounded. This was one of the most wonderful

battles in the history of America. It lasted only twenty-five minutes.

In the Civil War, after New Orleans had placed a great many heavy chains across the river to prevent the Union boats from coming up the stream, if the forts below should not be able to stop them, there was another famous battle. Admiral Farragut came with his boats steadily up the river and soon New Orleans surrendered. The soldiers in the Civil War that came from Louisiana were very brave. "Louisiana Tigers" was the name by which some of them were known.

The streets of beautiful homes, the palmetto and magnolia trees, the bright-colored flowers, the grinning faces of the negro children, and the thronged streets of business, all interest us. We are, however, most impressed by the huge docks of New Orleans. Here the negroes are singing while they are busily loading or unloading the great boats.

Not only do many boats come down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, but there are also steamers here from many places along the coast. Boats from New York, Boston, Key West, Havana, Vera Cruz, Liverpool, Hamburg, and many other places in Europe, as well as from Central and South America, bring their cargoes and receive their loads before they depart. Indeed, New Orleans is the third port of the United States. New York and Boston are the only cities in which the shipping is greater.

Large quantities of fruits from Central and South America are brought here. There are so many bananas at times that it does not seem possible they can all be used.

The houses with pillars, the tiled roofs, the inner courts of the houses, the gardens, partly hidden by the walls, the windows with their small panes, the walls of adobe in the old parts of the city, all help us to see what New Orleans has been. So also do some of the customs of the people. In the newer quarters, however, we see beautiful homes, many of which have been built on the older plans, but are modern in every other way. It is a most picturesque city.

A writer who is very familiar with New Orleans has described it as "a city of villas, cottages, and gardens. These are crossed by four hundred and seventy miles of unpaved streets. It is a city shaded by forest trees, haunted by song birds, and fragrant with a wealth of flowers that never fails a day in the year." The fruit — the fig, the plum, the pomegranate, and the orange trees with their blossoms and fragrance as well as their fruit — add to the beauty as well as to the value of the Crescent City.

Crescent (ĸrĕs′ĕnt), shaped like the right half of a parenthesis

levee (lĕv′ē *or* lĕv-ē′), an embankment beside a river, to prevent overflow

drained, dried by letting the water out

Bienville (byaṅ-vĭl′), Jean Baptiste Lemoine Bienville, the founder of New Orleans

Regent (rē′gĕnt), one who rules in place of a king
architecture (är-ei-tĕe′chụr), the art of building
Mardi-Gras (mär′di grä), the last day of carnival
ceded, transferred
Shrove Tuesday, the Tuesday immediately preceding Lent
grotesque (grō-tĕsk′), odd, ridiculous
Pontchartrain (pŏn-chär-trān′)
Audubon (ạ′dụ-bŏn)
Napoleon (na-pō′le-on), Napoleon Bonaparte (bō′na-pärt), a famous French military leader and conqueror
Duke of Wellington, a famous British general who defeated Napoleon in 1815
earthwork, a fortification made generally by piling up sandbags on the ground to protect the soldiers
redcoat, a British soldier, so called because of the color of his jacket
Farragut (făr′a-gŭt), David Glasgow Farragut, a Union admiral in the Civil War
palmetto (păl-mĕt′o), a fan-palm which grows in the southern states
magnolia (măg-nō′li-a), a shade tree common in certain parts of the South
Vera Cruz (vẹ′rä eruth), a seaport in Mexico
villa (vĭl′a), a fine country house
pomegranate (pŏm′grăn-at), the fruit of a tree which grows in tropical and subtropical countries

Lesson XV

THE HOOTING IN THE WILDERNESS[1]

James Parton

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson carefully so that you can tell the story. In order to tell a story well, remember that it is necessary to have in mind the main points and the minor points which relate to each incident.

It was night in the Tennessee Wilderness. A train of settlers from Carolina, with four-wheeled ox-carts and pack-horses, and attended by an armed guard, was winding its way along the trail through the forest toward the frontiertown of Nashville. They had marched thirty-six hours, a night and two days, without stopping to rest. They were keeping a watchful outlook for savages.

At length they reached what they thought was a safe camping-ground. The tired travellers hastened to encamp. Their little tents were pitched. Their fires were lighted. The tired women and children crept into the tents and fell asleep.

The men, except those who were to stand guard during the first half of the night, wrapped their blankets around them and lay down near the sheltering logs with their feet to the fire.

[1] From Parton's "Good Stories for Great Birthdays." Used by permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Silence fell on the camp.

All slept except those who stood guard and one young man. He sat with his back to a tree, smoking a corn-cob pipe. He was not handsome; but the direct glance of his keen blue eye and his resolute expression made him seem so in spite of a long thin face, high forehead somewhat narrow, and sandy-red hair falling low on his brow.

This young man was Andrew Jackson, — mischievous Andy of the Waxhaws — now grown to be a clever, licensed, young lawyer. He was going with the emigrant train to Nashville in order to hang out his sign and practice on the frontier.

He sat there in the Wilderness, in the darkness, peacefully smoking. He listened to the night sounds from the forest. He was falling into a doze, when he noted the various hoots of owls in the forest around him.

"A remarkable country this, for owls," he thought, as he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Just then an owl, whose hooting had sounded at a distance, suddenly uttered a peculiar cry close to the camp.

In a moment young Jackson was the widest awake man in Tennessee.

He grasped his rifle, crept cautiously to where his friend Searcy was sleeping, and woke him quietly.

"Searcy," said he, "raise your head and make no noise."

"What's the matter?" asked Searcy.

"The owls . . . listen . . . there . . . there again! Isn't that a little *too* natural?"

"Do you think so?" asked Searcy.

"I know it," replied young Jackson. "There are Indians all around us. I have heard them in every direction. They mean to attack before daybreak."

In a few minutes the men of the camp were aroused. The experienced woodsmen among them listened to the hooting and agreed with young Jackson that there were Indians in the forest. Jackson advised that the camp should be instantly and quietly broken up and the march continued.

This was done and the company heard nothing more of the savages.

But a party of hunters who reached the same camping-ground an hour after the company had left it, lay down by the fires and slept. Before day dawned, the Indians were upon them and killed all except one of the party.

But the long train of emigrants, men, women and children, were safely continuing their wearisome journey through the Wilderness. At last they reached Nashville to the joy of the settlers there.

And a great piece of news young Andrew Jackson brought with him to Nashville: the Constitution of the United States had just been ratified and adopted by a majority of the States of the Union.

mis'chie vous, full of tricks

Lesson XVI

SELF-CONTROL[1]

John K. Clark

To the Pupil:

This lesson is about some of those things in our lives which we must learn to control if we are to be happy. The different statements are not written as people usually write. After you have read the first of these sentences, write it in your own words. If you understand the meaning, you can write it in words which are very different from those in the lesson. Try to express each of the statements in your own words.

He who can control his tongue can number his friends by the score, but he whose tongue is unbridled can count his foes by the legion.

He who lacks self-control lacks one of life's best agencies, but he who possesses it holds the key to his own happiness and the happiness of others.

— Latimer

Character exhibits itself in self-control of speech as much as in anything else; the wise and forbearant man will restrain his desire to say a smart or severe thing at the expense of another's feelings, while the

[1] From Clark's "Systematic Moral Education." Used by permission of Laidlaw Brothers, publishers.

fool blurts out what he thinks and will sacrifice his friend rather than his joke. "The mouth of a wise man," said Solomon, "is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth."

Our influence is measured and expressed by our example and self-control. We can lead others no farther than we go ourselves.

More than dominion over the earth, more than ascending into heaven, more than power over all, is the joy of conquering over self.

— Phillips Brooks

Be watchful! Guard your heart with care,
Lest evil passions enter there.
Be watchful! Guard your lips lest they
Speak words that you should never say.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble. —Solomon

Self-control may well be called the capital of the pillar of virtues, for it heads and embodies them all.

— W. E. Gladstone

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king. — Milton

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. — Bible

To show self-control, to restrain, to wait, to overcome present feeling with forethought, is human strength. — ROBERTSON

He who cannot resist temptation is not a man. He is wanting in the highest attributes of humanity.

— HORACE MANN

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little, falleth into greater. — THOMAS À KEMPIS

Self-control is only courage under another form. It may almost be regarded as the primary essence of character. It is in virtue of this quality that Shakespeare defines man as a being "looking before and after." It forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animals; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it. — WILLIAMS

legion, a countless number
forbear'ant, patient
capital, the upper part of a pillar or column
at'tribute, virtue
in vin'ci ble, unconquerable
sorest, worst
menace, threat
re li'ance, dependence
un fal'ter ing, sure of oneself
prim'ary es'sence, the most important part

Lesson XVII

DANGEROUS PEOPLE

C. F. Dole

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can answer the questions given below:

1. What kind of people does this title make you think of?

2. How many ignorant people are there?

3. Why are many of these ignorant people not to be blamed for being ignorant?

4. Why is it dangerous to have large numbers of ignorant people in one country?

5. Why is it difficult to find work for large numbers of ignorant people?

6. What other kinds of dangerous people are there besides the ignorant?

7. How do some of these people harm our country?

Our country is very large; it has many millions of people; it contains great cities; it is rich in its fertile fields, in its forests and mines, in its great factories, its workshops, its railroads, and its ships. But we must not think because our country is strong and rich that it is safe from dangers. Let us see what the dangers are against which America asks its sons and daughters to help make it safe.

In the first place, there are great crowds of ignorant people in our country. Many of them are so ignorant that they cannot even read or write their own names. Some of these very ignorant men and women live in towns and cities and pass schoolhouses every day as they go to their work. Others live on farms scattered all over the land; sometimes they are miles away from any school; their children grow up as ignorant as the parents are. If we could gather together all these people who cannot read, and have them march abreast, they would make a line hundreds of miles in length.

We must not blame these ignorant fellow-citizens of ours for not having gone to school. Most of them never had a fair chance to learn. Some of them were born in slavery, or their parents had been slaves. Some of them were born in foreign countries, where there were no schools except for the rich. Some of them had to go to work when they were little and were never afterward able to leave off work to go to school. In large parts of our own country, the schools are opened for only one short term each year, and the children are apt to forget what they have learned before they have the chance to go to school again.

Of course there are some people who are ignorant because they did not want to go to school, or because they played truant. But on the whole we must pity the ignorant people rather than blame them. Most

of us would have been ignorant too if we had been brought up far away from any good schools, or in homes where no one ever taught us to read.

It is extremely dangerous to America to have whole armies of ignorant people. The danger is not because ignorant people wish to do wrong. They may earnestly wish to do right. The danger is that they cannot easily tell what is right, or what is best for the city and the country. They hear one side of a question, but they cannot read, so as to know about the other side and make up their minds fairly.

The ignorant have to act, and sometimes to vote without knowing what their actions or their votes will do. Vain or selfish men deceive them, and because of their ignorance they never find out how they are being used for evil purposes. Ignorant people are more easily excited than the intelligent. They lose their heads, and then they do things which work mischief; perhaps they destroy property, or even take life. They may be very sorry afterwards, but it is too late to repair the damage. Many a time has war come about on account of the sudden passions of ignorant men.

Moreover, it is hard to find work enough for a great mass of ignorant people to do. They cannot do skilful or nice work, and there is not enough rude work like digging to keep them busy all the time. This want of work makes them poor, and keeps them poor, and the poorer they are, the harder it is for them

to give their children any help toward an education.

The ignorant people are not our enemies; we all wish to help and befriend them. But ignorance is an enemy of our country. We must unite to drive it out of our land. We must all be torch-bearers and flood the darkness with light. We cannot afford to have any of our people poor and miserable.

Ignorance is not our only enemy. There are violent and hurtful people whom nobody wants for neighbors. There are tricky and dishonest people, of whom we have to beware lest they rob and cheat us. Wherever men get drunk they make life very wretched for every one who has to live with them. There are idle and lazy people who sponge on their friends and relatives, and manage to get a living without working for it.

"Yes," you say, "these people are dangerous for their neighbors, and even for their own families, but how are they dangerous to America?" Why! These lazy, drinking, passionate, or tricky people are a part of America. They are like sores on a man's body. If he has even a few sores, he is uncomfortable; but if he has many, they sap his strength, and after a while if they increase, they kill him.

The ignorant and lazy get into office — even into school committees — and are permitted to take a hand in making our laws. But how can dishonest men make honest laws? What if the idle and tricky men are allowed to manage our towns and spend

and waste the people's money? When bad men get the places of honor and trust, it is as if sores fastened themselves to a man's heart and lungs. So it kills a nation if the people let the selfish and careless take charge of the great and costly machinery of the government.

We are not saying that the idle and dishonest people mean to do all this harm to their country. Some of them are too ignorant to know how mean it is to get a living out of other people. They have never been told that ugliness, quarrelsomeness, drunkenness, cheating, and sponging are diseases. They have never been told that the mean, dishonest and idle are a great load that the nation has to carry on its shoulders.

Perhaps we ought to pity these hurtful people just as we pity the ignorant and the sick. But whether we blame them or pity them, they are no less dangerous to America. As we love our country and wish to see it strong and great, we must contrive to kill out the cheating and laziness and the coarse talk and ugly manners and cruelty that sometimes disgrace our American towns. It is not so shameful to be barbarians, who often have a good deal of honesty and kindliness and politeness too, as it is to pretend to be civilized and superior to others and to have good laws and yet not to obey them.

play truant, to stay out of school without permission
sap, to weaken

Lesson XVIII

CHASED BY AN OSTRICH[1]

J. Alden Loring

To the Pupil:

As you read this lesson make a list of all the things which you learn about the ostrich. Try to prepare your notes so that you can make a report to your class upon any point in your list.

Probably the most amusing incident that happened to any member of the Roosevelt African expedition occurred to me before we had been in Africa a week: I was chased by an ostrich. The ostrich was not a wild one, for the wild birds are far too cunning to do anything so adventurous. We saw them feeding in pairs and small groups on the veldt, but they were too shy to be easily approached.

The ostrich that gave chase to me was a huge bird that belonged to an English settler by the name of Percival. It was a member of a fine flock he had reared from eggs brought to him by the natives. He valued the old birds at four hundred dollars each.

At night Percival kept the ostriches in a kraal (brush enclosure) and early each morning let them out to feed on grass, while a boy stood guard. The native was armed with an eight-foot pole, at the

[1] From Loring's "American Adventure Stories." Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

end of which was a wide crotch. This stick he used to protect himself. When an ostrich became ill-tempered and attacked him, he would push the fork against the bird's neck and hold the creature off until it became discouraged and was willing to be good.

A cock ostrich when peevish has a disagreeable habit of running up to a person, bowling him over with a blow of its foot, and then dancing on him. Unless a man has one of those forked poles when he is attacked by an ostrich, he is likely to be seriously injured by the bird's powerful kicks. In such a case the best thing to do is to lie flat on the ground and let yourself be trodden on. You may be pounded black and blue and badly bruised, but even that is better than having a fractured skull, broken ribs or limbs, or great gashes cut in your flesh by the bird's strong feet.

It is the duty of managers to warn greenhorns of the danger from tame ostriches, and as one of Percival's birds was noted for its fighting disposition, our party had been properly cautioned.

Unpacking our outfit at Kapiti, where we made the first camp, we remained there only long enough to put things in working order, and then rode across the veldt for half a day to Sir Alfred Pease's ranch.

All along the route we saw thousands of animals. It seemed impossible that in this age there could be any spot on the earth where animal life was so abundant. Herds of zebras, hartebeests, Thompson's

gazelles, and wildebeests, in separate bands and sometimes mingled together in one great herd, were feeding on all sides.

The wildebeest is a remarkable animal. Some herds are so shy that it is almost impossible to stalk them. Others seem full of a spirit of playfulness and will caper about a hunter as if trying to induce him to join them in a frolic.

Doctor Mearns was once pursuing, on horseback, a wounded animal when a herd of wildebeests joined in the chase and for half a mile ran by his side, tossing their heads in the air and bucking and kicking as if they were thoroughly enjoying the hunt.

It was the dry season, and as there was a scarcity of water at Sir Alfred's place and his shooting-box was too small to accommodate us all, Doctor Mearns and I and most of the porters camped at Potha River, about four miles away.

Three quarters of a mile behind the camp was Percival's place. In the evening of our first day at Potha he came down and asked us to visit him and see what a typical East African ranch was like. On the way I noticed numerous small earth mounds that looked as if they had been thrown up by our Western pocketgophers.

Now, my special work with the expedition was collecting small mammals, and, naturally, when I discovered these mounds I became interested. Early the next morning I shouldered a bag of steel traps

and, with my gun bearer carrying my rifle and shotgun, made for the spot where I had seen the gopher workings the evening before. I wore a green shirt, which was supposed to serve the double purpose of being invisible to animals and of tempering the rays of the powerful tropical sun.

We arrived at the spot, about four hundred yards from Percival's house, and I began digging into a burrow with a long case-knife, with the intention of setting a steel trap in the underground passageway. The animals live a subterranean life, and appear above ground only when, in the course of their work, they break through the surface in order to push out the earth that they have excavated.

It was a gently rolling country, and the only trees in sight were the scattering ones along the edge of the river where our camp was pitched.

I had set one trap and was on my knees digging into another mound. My gun bearer, wondering, no doubt, what new kind of white man I could be, stood by, watching my actions. Glancing up from my work, I noticed the Kikuyu boy driving the flock of ostriches from the enclosure and starting them off to pasture.

Presently I heard him shout, and I saw that an enormous cock-bird had left the band and was heading in our direction in a very significant manner.

Of course I had a gun and a rifle with which to protect myself, but the four hundred dollars that I

would have to pay if I shot the bird made me reluctant to kill it.

I jumped to my feet and looked in some perplexity at the gun bearer.

"What shall we do?" I said. "Run?"

Although he could not understand English, he must have known by my tone that I was asking a question, and so he replied with the only English word he knew: "Yes."

I did not wait to pick up the bag of traps but snatched the shotgun. The gun bearer grabbed the rifle, and off we started. It was fully half a mile over the gently rolling veldt to camp, and it seemed that the great bird would easily overhaul us before we could reach it, but the thought of the four hundred dollars stimulated me to my top speed. Yet I did not dare to throw away the shotgun.

We had a lead of three hundred yards. At intervals I looked back over my shoulder and saw the ostrich swing over the ground at a graceful trot; his wings were half raised, and at every step his body rose and sank as if it were resting on springs.

A herd of about twenty-five wildebeests were just ahead of us. When they saw us bearing down on them they divided to let us pass. Then they lined up on each side, about a hundred yards away, and dashed along parallel with us, tossing their heads, bucking and frisking, and evidently taking a deep interest in the race.

It was plain that the ostrich was not exerting himself. Perhaps he thought it would be more fun to run us down and tire us out than to end the race by a sudden burst of speed. With each stride his feet reached out like those of a race-horse, and as he drew near I saw that his bill was half open. With his extremely small head mounted on his snakelike neck, his open mouth gave him an idiotic appearance.

When he was within forty or fifty yards of us, he suddenly began surging back and forth, and it seemed that I could read his thoughts:

"I've got you. You can't get away."

And he did have us. But the ridiculousness of our position, together with a nearer view of the green shirt that I wore, seemed to fill him with joy; the foolish old bird threw himself flat on the ground, lifted his wings over his back, and began rocking from side to side and twisting his head and neck about as if he were ready to burst with laughter.

How long he continued to act so I do not know; I was too busy watching for the green covers of the tents to loom up ahead. But I do know that we put two hundred yards between us and the bird before he again started after us. We were so near the camp that the wildebeests had turned off and now stood watching from a safe distance the finish of the race.

When at last we came within shouting distance of the tents, I tried to call, but I was so thoroughly out of breath that I could hardly make a sound.

B. Babbitt
Bossonz

I turned to the gun bearer and by signs made him understand that I wished him to attract attention. He shouted long and loud.

The porters came swarming from their tents, and the uproar of laughter that broke from the crowd still rings in my ears. Not one of them offered to come to our assistance; they just stood there and laughed. Cuninghame, however, darted back into his tent and reappeared with a large towel. Running toward us, he waved the towel in front of him as if to flag the bird or to announce to us that the race was over and that we had won the prize of four hundred dollars.

As we entered the camp, amid the loud laughter of the child-like porters, the ostrich trotted up to within twenty yards of the tents, threw himself on the ground, and again repeated the antics that he had gone through a few minutes before. Finally he tired of it, and rising, began feeding about the veldt as if nothing had happened. Soon his keeper appeared and drove him back to the flock.

veldt (vĕlt), open country, pasture-land
kraal (kräl), an enclosure for animals
hartebeest (härt′bēst), a large African antelope
gazelle (ga-zĕl′), a small African antelope
wildebeest (wĭld′bēst), another kind of African antelope
stalk, to approach an animal stealthily in hunting
gopher (gō′fer), a ground-squirrel
subterranean (sŭb-tĕ-rā′ne-an), underground

Lesson XIX

HENRY MORTON STANLEY[1]

John T. Faris

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can answer the questions given below. What is the best way to read when you are looking for the answers to a series of questions?

1. Into how many parts does the life of Stanley seem to divide itself?
2. What thing about him do you like most?
3. What things about his boyhood do you like?
4. What is it that shows that he was not easily discouraged?
5. Was his life a happy one? Why?
6. What was the bravest thing he did?
7. How did people honor him?
8. Did he do anything which you would have done differently?
9. What things show that he was not lazy?
10. Why do people honor him now?

It is not often that a homeless, penniless boy becomes a member of some of the most distinguished societies in the world, is married in Westminster Abbey, and sits in the English Parliament.

Sometime in the year 1841, a child was born in a

[1] Reprinted by permission from "Winning their Way" by John T. Faris. Copyright, 1909, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Brown Brothers

STANLEY AND A NATIVE AFRICAN BOY
From a painting

plain cottage in Denbigh, Wales. His father, John Rowlands, died a few weeks after his birth and his mother left him to the care of an aged grandfather, Moses Parry, who died when the boy was about five.

The two uncles, who lived in the lower part of the cottage, did not want their sister's child, and so boarded him with an old sexton, Richard Price, and his wife Jenny, for half-a-crown a week, about sixty-two and a half cents in our money. This proving insufficient pay for a healthy appetite, a larger price was demanded. The uncles refused to pay. Then the sexton's son, telling the boy he would take him to his Aunt Mary, started with him February 20, 1847, on a long journey. It ended in an institution for the aged poor and the unwanted children of the parish.

The trembling, frightened child of six years was now utterly unhappy. Of the institution, Mr. Stanley wrote later in his "Autobiography":

"To the aged, it is a house of slow death; to the young, it is a house of torture."

Nine long years had passed at the Workhouse in which the boy hungered for love and a home. He was thankful, however, that he had been taught to read and had received such religious influence that all through life he tried to do what was right. But the crisis came at last.

The schoolmaster was to beat the whole class because nobody seemed to know who had stood on

a new table and made dents in it. Young Rowlands, now nearly fifteen years old, declared that he did not do it, and when he refused to be punished, a fight ensued and the master's own blackthorn was used on himself. The world outside could be no more dreadful than the "institution," and the lad and his friend Mose climbed over the garden wall and ran away.

But the world outside soon proved a lonely place to a homeless boy. People knew from their dress that they belonged to the Workhouse. The first night they slept in a disused limekiln. The next day a motherly old lady who was washing gave them food. The second night they slept in a haystack, and that day reached Denbigh.

Back now in his birthplace, young Rowlands called upon his relatives, but they one and all told him to go back the way he came.

"I can do nothing for you," he was told, "and have nothing to give you."

Finally his Aunt Mary gave the lad a new suit of clothes, slipped a gold sovereign (about five dollars) into his hand, and bade him be a good boy, go to Liverpool, and make haste to get rich!

Liverpool with its big houses and ships seemed like a new world.

After tramping the streets, at last work was obtained in a shop from seven in the morning till nine at night, sweeping, trimming lamps, washing win-

dows, and the like. The boy then became ill from the hard work and lost his place.

There followed another month of looking for work, two weeks as a butcher's errand boy, carrying meat to the ships at the docks, and then an engagement at five dollars a month to sail to New Orleans as a cabin-boy on the packet-ship *Windermere*. His uncle and aunt, poor as they were, tried to keep him in his own country, but he said:

"It is no use, uncle; I must go. There is no chance of doing anything in Liverpool."

John Rowlands, unwanted, unloved, was adrift on the ocean. He found a new and bitter experience. He was no cabin-boy, but a daily drudge. The brutality of the mates sickened him. The iron belaying-pins were freely used on the men. What wonder that after fifty-two days of ship life he was glad to be on American soil, even if homeless and penniless, for no money had been given him for his work.

And this was the New World! He would take his chances and not go back on the cruel ship. He would see what the city had in store for him in the morning, but to-night he would sleep in the shadow of a pile of cotton bales.

Awakening early, he walked down among the commission stores. In front of one he saw a kindly faced, middle-aged man reading his morning paper. The lad ventured to ask:

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

The man addressed thought he did not, but asked what work he could do, if he could read, and what book he had in his pocket?

"It is my Bible, a present from our Bishop," replied the boy.

Asked if he could mark coffee-sacks with a brush, he did well, and then was taken by his new friend to a restaurant for breakfast. The boy never forgot that he had "superb coffee, sugared waffles, and doughnuts." Then after having his hair cut, and his clothes brushed, he was led to Mr. James Speake, the proprietor, who hired him upon trial for one week at five dollars.

A new life had begun. The tears blinded the boy's eyes as he worked. He inquired about the man who had befriended him and learned that he, at one time a minister, now did business with the planters up the river, and traded through a brother with Havana and other West Indian ports; and that his name was Mr. Stanley.

At the end of the week young Rowlands was hired permanently at twenty-five dollars a month, which seemed a fortune. He paid ten dollars for board and lodging, and had money left to buy books for his attic room. He no longer was friendless nor lonely; his books were the best company.

A month later Mr. Stanley returned and invited the lad to his home to breakfast. Mrs. Stanley, a frail and lovely woman, refined and educated, received him most kindly. To the lad she seemed like

an angel. They took the boy to church each Sunday, and showed more and more interest in him. Mr. Speake increased his salary to thirty dollars a month. Mr. Stanley called at his humble boarding house and took breakfast with him, an honor that made him thankful and happy. He also bought Shakespeare, Irving, Goldsmith, Cowper, and other authors for him, and often took him home. But changes were coming. Mr. Speake died, the firm passed into other hands, and the lad lost his position. Then Mrs. Stanley, whom he reverenced and loved, also died, telling him to "be a good boy, God bless you!" As Mr. Stanley was absent, her body was taken to St. Louis at his request.

Again the lad searched two weeks for work. He sawed wood and did odd jobs for private families. Mr. Stanley had returned to New Orleans, so the boy worked his passage down the river and finally found him.

Mr. Stanley was overjoyed to see one who had done all in his power for his dying wife. He folded him in his arms, while the boy broke down and sobbed. He had already made up his mind to educate one whom he felt God had put into his care. Finally he said:

"As you are wholly unclaimed, without a parent, relation, or sponsor, I promise to take you for my son, and fit you for a business career; and in the future, *you are to bear my name, Henry Stanley.*"

He dipped his hands in water and made the sign

of the cross on Henry's forehead, telling him to bear his new name worthily.

"The golden period of my life began from that supreme moment. I began to see a new beauty in everything," said young Stanley afterward. "The men seemed pleasanter, the women more gracious, the air more balmy! As we walked the streets together, many a citizen must have guessed by my glowing face and shining eyes that I was full of joy."

New clothes in abundance were provided. Henry travelled with his father on his business trips, studied the best books, and learned constantly from the superior mind of his adopted parent. For two years life seemed a dream, too beautiful to be true. He was taught the highest ideals, and responded with the love and trust of his eager nature.

In September, 1860, Mr. Stanley was called to Havana by the illness of his brother, and Henry was to stay for a time with an acquaintance. The parting was a sad one, and it proved to be forever. Mr. Stanley soon died, and the youth was again adrift.

The Civil War had begun. Men were enlisting, some from patriotism, some from love of adventure, and young Stanley joined the Confederate ranks because his Southern friends had enlisted. But he soon learned all the horrors of war. He was at the dreadful two days' battle of Shiloh when the Union forces lost in killed, wounded, and missing over 13,000 men, and the Confederates about the same number.

On the second day of the battle Stanley, with others, was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Douglas, on the outskirts of Chicago. This, like other prison pens where thousands of men were gathered, became a place of disease and death. Soon he was compelled to go to the hospital at Harpers' Ferry, and on June 22, 1862, he was discharged, penniless and a wreck in health.

During the next four months he supported himself as best he could. Now he worked in the fields in harvesting, and then on an oyster-schooner. His only true friend dead, he longed to return to England. The New World seemed to have brought him about as much sadness as the Old. In November, 1862, when he was twenty-one, he reached Denbigh, in Wales, and sought his mother's house. He was poorly dressed, poor in health, and poor in purse, but he longed for a mother's love. He says in his journal:

"I was told that I was a disgrace to them in the eyes of their neighbors, and they desired me to leave as speedily as possible."

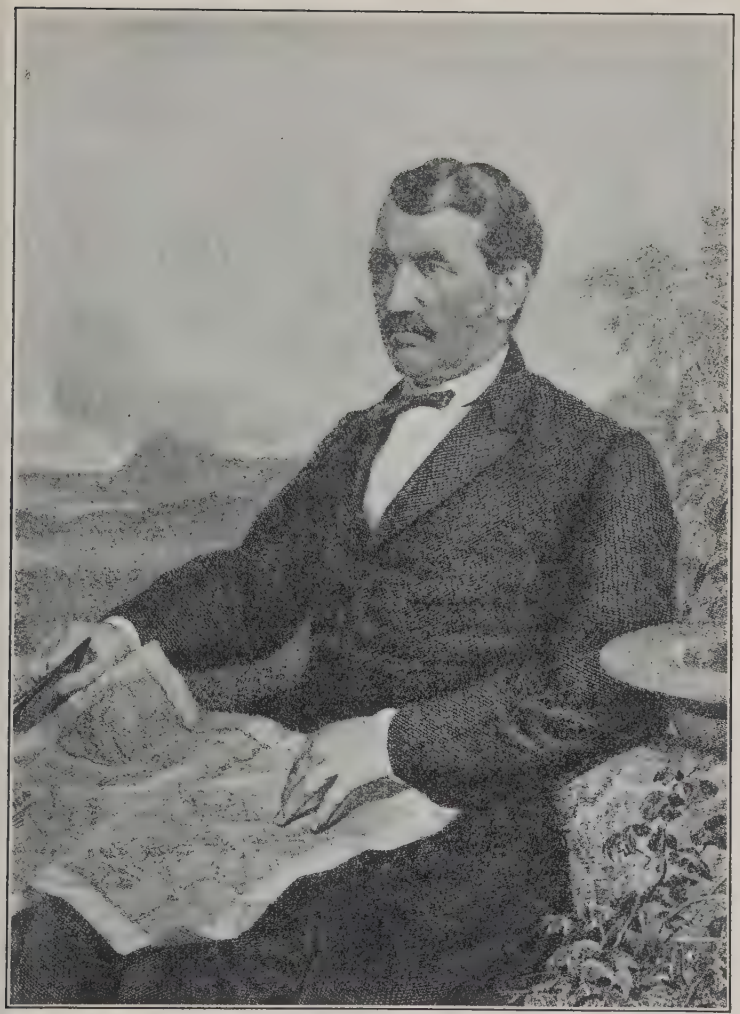
He never sought his relatives again. When he had become famous and prosperous years afterwards, "he was just to the claim of blood and gave practical help," says his wife, but he never again asked for their affection. He returned to America and entered the merchant service, sailing to the West Indies, Spain, and Italy.

In August, 1864, he enlisted in the United States

Navy, and served as Ship's Writer. He reported the taking by the Union forces of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, and the papers were glad to welcome his vivid articles. During 1865 he visited Denver, Omaha, and Salt Lake City, and probably paid his way by newspaper correspondence. The next year, with a friend, he went to Asia, but they were robbed by the Turkomans, and the journey came to nothing.

In 1867, when he was nearly twenty-six, his real work seems to have begun. He was made special correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, to write up Northwestern Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and to join General Hancock's expedition against unfriendly Indians. He also wrote for the *New York Herald, Tribune, Times, Chicago Republican, Cincinnati Commercial,* and others.

On October 15, 1869 a telegram came to Stanley from James Gordon Bennett, Jr., then in Paris. The whole English-speaking world had been asking what had become of David Livingstone, the great medical missionary and explorer of Central Africa. He had given his life to the Dark Continent. He had buried his wife in the savage land. His children were in England and he, now an old man, was alone, and it was reported that he was dead. Aid had been sent by England, but he never received it. Letters and packages had been stolen by the Arab slave dealers, who feared that he would arouse the people to put an end to their horrible traffic.



Brown Brothers

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Mr. Bennett's instructions were laconic. "Find Livingstone," he said.

"What is in the power of human nature to do, I will do," replied the brave young traveller.

He reached the island of Zanzibar, off the coast of Africa, January 6, 1871. No word had been received in Europe from Livingstone since May, 1869. In a little more than two months, the expedition was ready: three white men, thirty-one freemen of Zanzibar as escort, one hundred and fifty-three porters, twenty-seven pack-animals, two riding horses, hundreds of pounds of brass wire, many thousand yards of cloth, white and colored, to barter for food and service, his boat, medicine, tools, all weighing about six tons.

For nearly eleven months, through swamps and jungles, often ill with fever, in the midst of unfriendly tribes or thieving Arabs, the caravan made its tedious way. The roads were usually a mere foot-path. The rivers had to be waded, with water up to their necks, or trees felled and a bridge constructed with pack saddles and thick layers of grass. They often crept on their hands through the foul jungles. Hippopotami, alligators, and crocodiles were in abundance. Insects of almost every kind, white ants, centipedes, beetles, and the tsetse (fly), were numerous and nearly crazed the animals. The two horses soon died and several of the donkeys. Their bones were picked clean by hyenas.

Many of the men became ill and Stanley nursed them, and many deserted. Both of the white men died. The little dog Omar, which Stanley had brought from Bombay and of which he was very fond, also died.

Once when well-nigh discouraged, Stanley wrote in his journal:

"No living man shall stop me — only death can prevent me. But death — not even this: I shall not die! I will not die! I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him."

When they reached Ujiji, November 10, 1871, a great crowd came out to meet them. Soon a voice said:

"Good morning, sir?"

Stanley, astonished, said: "Who are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"Run and tell the Doctor I am coming."

Soon a gray-haired, tired-looking man appeared.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Yes," he said with a cordial smile, lifting his cap.

"I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you," was the reply. The long-looked for, long-prayed for hour had come at last.

For four months these two white men lived happily together. They sailed three hundred miles around the north shore of Lake Tanganyika and then journeyed east to Unyanyembe. Here Livingstone

completed his journals and letters to be sent back to Europe, as he would not return till he had made further explorations on the sources of the Nile.

They parted sadly, March 14, 1872, and Stanley arrived in Zanzibar fifty-four days later. With great difficulty he had forded rivers, swinging ropes across from tree to tree on opposite banks, the precious Livingstone journals carried on the heads of men up to their necks in water.

Stanley was received with open arms in Europe on his return from his dangerous journey. He spoke before three thousand at the meeting of the Geographical Section of the British Association, many of them distinguished persons, including the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French. Lord Granville at the Foreign Office sent him from Queen Victoria her thanks with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and later she received him and talked with him. Even his relatives had awakened to the fact that the boy from the St. Asaph Workhouse had become famous, and sent affectionate requests for money, which he could not refuse.

The London *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* agreed to send Stanley on a new mission through the Dark Continent. With three hundred and fifty-six chosen men, three of them white, who died on the way, and large amounts of cloth, beads, and food, eight tons in all, they left Zanzibar, November 11, 1874, taking somewhat the same route as before.

On March 8 a portion of the company set sail on Lake Victoria Nyanza in a cedar boat forty feet long, which Stanley had brought in sections from England. At Uganda they met the Emperor Mtesa who governed three million people. Mtesa wished to learn of the Christian religion, and Stanley told him the story of Christ. Mtesa asked for pastors and teachers to be sent to him, and soon the Christian Missionary Society in England raised $70,000 for the work, and the Mission was established.

After more than seven thousand miles of travel they arrived at Boma, August 9, 1877. Three days later they gazed upon the Atlantic Ocean. Then Stanley took his men by way of the Cape of Good Hope to Zanzibar and restored them to their friends.

Stanley had explored Africa as no other man had done. It must now be opened up to civilization and the dreadful slave trade by the Arabs stopped. He spoke in all the large cities of England, showing the great possibilities for trade and urging them to build railroads and commercial stations. As England did not take up the work, the Belgians under King Leopold were anxious to do so, and for five and a half years, from January, 1879 to June, 1884, Stanley gave himself heartily to this work.

Stanley again visited Africa in 1885, at the request of England, to rescue Emin Pasha. The noble General Gordon had been sent to the Soudan the previous year by the British Government to assist

Egypt in withdrawing her forces that could not hold out longer against the Mahdi. He was killed and his men massacred at Khartoum. Emin, one of the governors, had escaped with his forces to the savage tribes, and wrote despairingly to Europe for help. Stanley, with a large force of men, started at the Congo and travelled over six thousand miles through the interior. It was a terrible march. A great number of his men died from starvation and disease. Stanley was often ill from fever. Finally, on April 18, 1888, Emin was found and his forces rescued.

Stanley was now forty-nine, famous the world over. Thousands upon thousands had heard him lecture or had read his books. He had suffered much from illness, but with wonderful will power, courage, energy, and great faith in a guiding Providence, he had won fame. Now he was to have the blessing of a happy union and a much-longed-for home.

On July 12, 1890, he was married in Westminster Abbey to Dorothy Tennant, a handsome woman, who had also made a name for herself in art, especially by her pictures of the London street boys.

Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh Universities gave him honorary degrees. The University of Halle had made him Doctor of Philosophy in 1879. The Geographical Societies of London, Paris, Italy, Sweden, Antwerp, and other cities made him an Honorary Member and sent gold medals. The United States Congress passed a unanimous vote of

thanks for his great work. He received the much-prized honor of knighthood in 1899.

In October of that year Stanley, accompanied by his wife, came again to America, and travelled over the States and Canada in a special Pullman car, named the "Henry M. Stanley." His lectures were crowded. Great receptions were given in his honor. While on this visit in America he took his wife to New Orleans and walked down the street where over thirty years before, homeless and hungry, he had slept in the shadow of the cotton bales!

In 1895 Stanley was elected to Parliament. He seemed not to care for the honor, and did not find much pleasure in the work, but his wife was gratified, especially as she feared he might return to Africa, even though he had been, as he said, "racked by over three hundred fevers." After five years Stanley was glad to retire.

After living in London for eight years and longing for the open air, he purchased, in 1898, Furze Hill, in Surrey, about thirty miles from London, a large and beautiful estate. Here he was very happy. He enlarged the rooms, built new walks and a bridge, planned a small farm, and made it an ideal home.

In April, 1903, his left side became paralyzed. For nearly a year he lay helpless as a child, patient and courageous. In the late autumn he was able to walk a few steps, but on the anniversary of his first attack he was stricken with pleurisy, and the end came soon.

On the night of May 9, his mind wandered and he said:

"I have done . . . all . . . my work . . . Oh! I want to be free! I want to go into the woods . . . to be free!"

Towards morning, moving his hand upon that of his wife, and looking up into her face, he said:

"I want . . . I want . . . to go home!"

Then came the end.

His body was carried to Westminster Abbey, and after the funeral service was read, he was buried in the village churchyard near his home.

black'thorn, a walking-stick made of the wood of blackthorn, a thorny shrub
lime-kiln, a furnace or oven for burning lime out of limestone or shells
packet-ship, a steamship which carries mail, passengers, and freight
bru tal'i ty, cruel treatment
mate, an officer on a ship
belaying-pin, a movable pin for fastening running-gear
Shakespeare (shāk'spēr)
Cowper (cow'per *or* co͝o'per)
spon'sor, one who is responsible for another
Shiloh (shī'lō)
Turkoman, a member of one of the Tartar tribes living in Turkestan
laconic (la-cŏn'ic), brief and to the point
Zanzibar (zăn'zi-bär)
caravan (car'a-văn), an expedition of men and pack-animals
tedious (tē'di-ŭs), moving slowly

Hippopotami (hĭp-o-pŏt′a-mī), river-horses
centipede (çĕn-ti-pēd′), a many-legged insect
white ant, a tropical, wood-boring insect
tsetse (tsĕt′se), a small blood-sucking African fly
Ujiji (ụ-jĭ′ji), an African town
hyena (hy-ē′na), an animal resembling a dog, noted for its cowardice; it feeds on prey killed by other beasts and on dead animals
Tanganyika (tän-ga-nï′ka), a lake in Africa
Unyanyembe (ŭn-yan-yĕm′bē)
ex-Emperor, Napoleon III, emperor of the French from 1852 to 1870
Lord Granville, an English statesman who had charge of England's foreign affairs at the time of Stanley's return from Africa
snuff-box, a small box for carrying pulverized tobacco which is inhaled into the nose
Nyanza (ny-ăn′za)
Uganda (ụ-gän′dä), a native African kingdom, now under the protection of England
Mtesa (mtĕs′a)
Boma (bō′ma), a town and river port in Belgian Congo, Africa
Emin Pasha (ę-mīn′ pa-shä′)
Soudan (sụ-dän′), a region of North Africa, south of Egypt
Gordon, Charles George Gordon, an English general, governor of the Soudan
Mahdi (mä′di), a Mohammedan fanatic who led a revolt in the Soudan in 1883
Khartoum (kär-tụm′), the capital of the Soudan
knight′hood, a title of nobility
paralyzed, unable to move
pleurisy (plụ′ri-sy), a swelling of the covering of the lungs

Lesson XX

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S RETURN[1]

Henry W. Grady

To the Pupil:

This lesson is intended to be read orally. Be sure that you know how to pronounce each word. Try to read it so that those who listen to you will enjoy it. If you do not like this lesson, ask your teacher to help you find another which you like to read.

1. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war, an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear witness to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865.

2. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pale face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

[1] Courtesy of The Southern Publishing Company.

What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned full payment for your four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he had left so prosperous and beautiful?

3. He finds his house in ruins, his farm destroyed, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade gone, his money worthless, his social system swept away, his people without law or legal standing, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy

on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a position for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

4. What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and a heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed.

parole (pa-rōl′), a pledge of honor given by a military prisoner that he will not fight again against his captors

fidelity (fi-dĕl′i-ty), loyalty

Appomattox (ăp-o-măt′ocks), a county in Virginia. At Appomattox Court House Lee surrendered to Grant April 9, 1865.

exhaustion (ĕgz-ạs′chon), weariness

tradi′tions, the customs, beliefs, etc. passed down from one generation to another

adversity (ăd-vĕr′si-ty), misfortune

Lesson XXI

THE HORNED LIZARD[1]

J. Arthur Thomson

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so you can answer the questions given below.

1. Why is it wrong to call the horned lizard a toad?
2. How does the horned lizard use its horns?
3. What is strange about the color of the horned lizard?
4. What other strange things does the lesson tell about the lizard?

In Mexico, California, and Nevada, there are animals called "horned lizards" which are among the quaintest of living creatures. They are often spoken of as "horned toads," (the wrong name, for toads are

[1] From Thomson's "Natural History Stories." Used by permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers.

amphibians and without scales) being probably suggested by their squat shape, their slow ways, and their habit of catching insects on a sticky tongue. True lizards they undoubtedly are, but they differ from all others in their flat bodies covered with keeled, spiny scales, and in the circlet of horns upon the head. There are nearly twenty different kinds.

What is the meaning of that circlet of sharp horns on the head, which recall (as if in miniature) the projecting horns of some of the extinct giant reptiles? The shape of the head reminds one also of the quaint fruits of the water-chestnut which the peasants round Florence string into very pretty rosaries. But what are the horns for? They serve to ward off blows and bites, for the creature lowers its head and raises the scales of its back when it is on the defensive, and we can well believe that if an enemy bit the head of a horned lizard once, it would never do so again. The Indians say that if a snake swallows one whole, the unconquerable creature proceeds to work its way by a short cut from the stomach outwards — which must be a very disagreeable process for the snake.

Another remarkable feature in the horned lizards is their power of color-change. They have the secret of the Gyges ring, and putting on the garment of invisibility is for them as easy as winking. "Wherever its home," says Mr. Harold C. Bryant, "the horned lizard resembles the color of the soil so closely that it is practically invisible except when in motion.

Specimens from the white sand of the desert are very light in color, those from the black lava belt are almost black, whereas those from the many-colored mountain districts show red and even bluish markings. How quickly a change of surroundings would bring about a change in color is not definitely known, but some observers say that the change takes place in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours."

Given horns and scales and the mantle of invisibility, the horned lizards are safe, and we are not surprised to learn that most of the different kinds are represented by large numbers of individuals. We can understand now why they are found from Canada to southern Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast; why they rarely bite; why they can afford to take things easily, basking in the sun and moving in a most leisurely way. When an enemy comes, they "play 'possum"; when they are thoroughly scared, they seek refuge in a bush or burrow in the sand.

Even in their burrowing they are unlike most other creatures, for they work their way beneath the ground head foremost. As Mr. Bryant says, "The chisel-shaped head is the principal tool, the legs being used almost solely for forcing the head forward. A wriggling motion of the head and body serves to drive the head beneath the sand and soon covers the body completely with earth. A little shake of the tail flings the dirt over that part of the body, and the

lizard becomes entirely hidden. The nostrils are kept either at the surface of the ground or near enough to the surface so that breathing is possible." Sometimes the spines are left sticking above the ground like dry thorns.

Stranger even than the circlet of horns and the wonderfully perfect power of color-change, is the habit of "shedding tears of blood." It was for this that the Mexicans called the horned lizard the "sacred toad"; it is to this that the boys of San Diego refer when they say they saw the creature "spit blood." As there are very good reasons why it can neither "weep blood" nor "spit blood," what is it that happens? The eyes are tightly shut, the eyelids swell to twice or thrice their normal size, and a fine jet of blood shoots out for several inches from beneath the upper eyelid. The whole thing is startling and quite worthy of the strange creature.

The horned lizards are for the most part insectivorous, catching living ants, beetles, and flies on the end of the sticky tongue. "Why the animal is never bothered by being stung internally by the ants it swallows alive seems hard to explain." It is sensitive enough on the outside; one would expect it to be still more sensitive inside. When insects become scarce, and the cold weather sets in, the horned lizards burrow into the ground and pass into deep winter sleep. If captive specimens are not allowed their sleep, they will keep on feeding through the

winter, but they are sure to die in the following spring.

We must leave the horned lizards in their winter sleep, though without nearly coming to an end of their peculiarities. One more may be mentioned, which well deserves further study. When a horned lizard is gently rubbed on the top of the head and between the eyes, it turns its head down, closes its eyes, and passes into a stupor, in which it may remain for five or ten minutes. Here we have one of those unsolved problems with which every study in Natural History should begin and also end.

amphibian (ăm-fĭb′i-an), an animal, like the frog, which lives both on land and in water
keeled, having a line or ridge down the middle, like most leaves
circlet (çĭr′elĕt), a small ring
miniature (mĭn′i-a-chụr), a picture of anything drawn very small
extinct giant reptiles, very large animals, such as lizards, which once inhabited the earth and have now disappeared
rosary (rō′ṣa-ry), a string of beads for keeping count of prayers
Gyges (ḡȳ′ġēṣ) **ring,** according to an old legend, a ring which made invisible the person who owned it
in vis i bil′i ty, incapable of being seen
in sec tiv′o rous, feeding on insects
stupor (stū′por), unconsciousness

Lesson XXII

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

George Cooper

To the Pupil:

1. Mark the words below which name actions mentioned in this poem.

running	dancing	hunting
fluttering	flying	daring
playing	watching	throwing

2. Mark the words below which name colors in the poem.

red	gold	pink
gray	black	white

3. Mark the words below which name feelings in the poem.

sadness	happiness	sympathy
fear	contentment	

4. Pick out the best reason below:

The snow is like a coverlid because it covers the leaves, hides the leaves, keeps the leaves warm, is white.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know!

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

Lesson XXIII

WONDERLAND[1]

C. Cyril Claridge

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson in order to answer these questions:

1. What country is this lesson written about?
2. Make a list of all the ways that this country is different from ours.
3. Why is it called "Wonderland"?

When a traveller sets an earnest foot in Africa, he finds himself in topsy-turvydom, a new world where things seem to be upside down. Men do the sewing and wash the clothes. Women farm the crops and market the produce. Men snuff often instead of eating meat, while the women smoke tobacco far stronger than thick twist.

Men and women never eat together in Africa. It is not the proper thing to do. It is more common for all the men in one street to feed together. The women do likewise.

The Congolese make one good meal a day in normal times — the evening meal. There is a sort of early morning breakfast of nuts, or roots, or bananas, or a cassava roll, substitutes for coffee and rolls, butter and jam, or fried ham and eggs.

[1]From Claridge's "Wild Bush Tribes of Tropical Africa." Used by permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

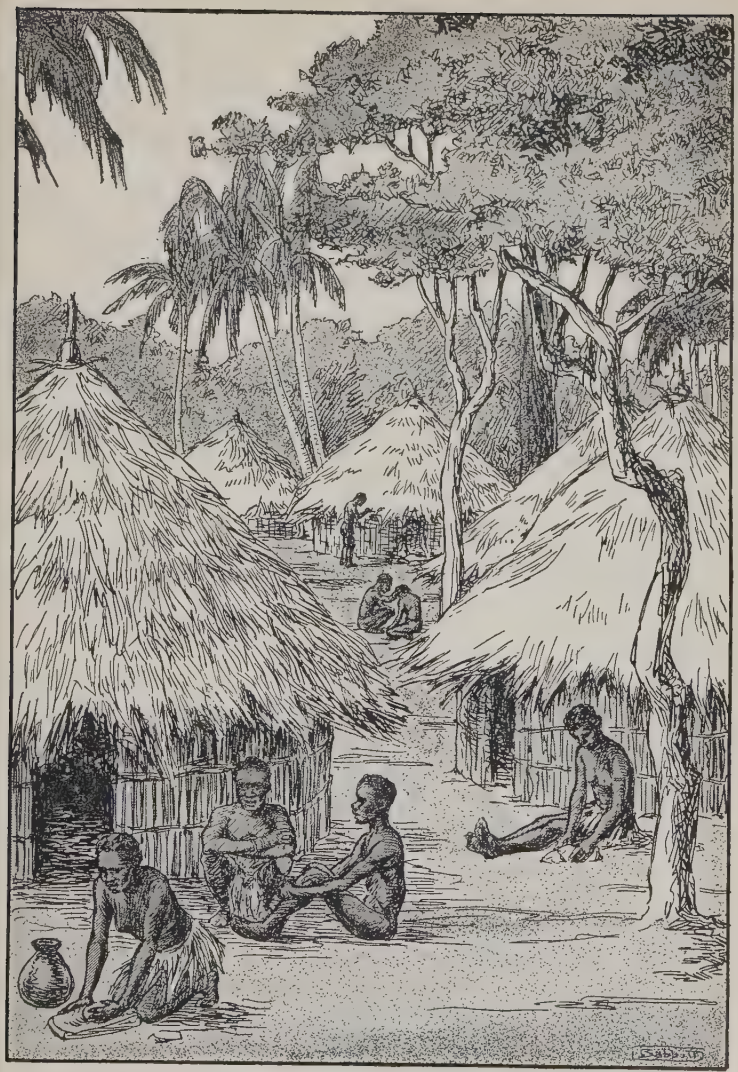
The evening menu varies according to the whim of the spirits which are supposed to supply the food. Rat, ranging from the mouse size to the size of a hare, is a rare dish. Snake makes a good steak to the taste of many. Fatty, plump caterpillars, and grubs are special dainties. Many enjoy the stew of the lizard. Others prefer the tasty locust. White ants with wings are a universal favorite. Baboon cutlets are favored by the best people. Any meat or fish, however strong, is devoured with pleasure by the heathen. If it be strong enough to crawl, so much the better, for by way of thanks they quote a proverb: "Meat has been able to multiply itself."

At a meal the natives sit round a cooking pot or pudding bowl, dig their fingers into it, mould the dough in their hands, toss it into the mouth, and thus swallow chunks of flesh and sponge that would give a civilized man dyspepsia for the rest of his natural life. A very strong drink from a calabash puts the finishing touch to an appetite as large as it is strange.

A Congo house is a queer thing. The best is not as good as a farmer's tool shed. It is not the custom to put in windows, though a few make a hole or two in the walls, "to let the dark out." There is little or no ventilation except by ways never meant for the purpose. The fire is not in a grate, but on the floor, in the middle of the room. Its chief use seems to be the production of smoke, which hangs about the roofs and rafters and colors them a pure jet black.

The position of the chandelier in other houses is occupied here by an ill-smelling fish basket, the contents of which are usually as strong as any smell, or combination of smells, can be. It is easy to lean on the roof, either inside or out. A Congo house is a place where you hang your clothes in the rafters instead of a wardrobe, and sit on the floor instead of a chair. The best place to undress is in bed, where you are also glad to arrange as much as possible of your toilet in the morning before you get up.

A street scene is very different from what the white man has been used to. The houses are generally set in topsy-turvy style. He sees men squatting on mats about the doorways; girls pounding roots into flour and sifting it gracefully through unfamiliar sieves; heads shaved, trimmed, or minutely treated for signs of life; jiggers extracted from the feet, and a hundred and one other odd sights which, when once seen, are never forgotten. We have seen vermin taken from the head and cracked, monkey-wise, between the teeth. There you see men driving the needle or the shuttle, both of wood, with cotton, which is just a filament of a palm branch. Others are seen drawing the threads out of imported cloth to remake into garments according to their own tastes. There are girls threading beads as bracelets, armlets, leglets, waistlets, and lets which hang down the back from the nape of the neck. Coffins at a few francs apiece are made at the corners of streets



where they pretend to imitate the ways of civilization. Fish baskets, animal traps, sleeping-mats, reed screens, rush doors are designed, finished, and sold in the streets.

At night the street is often turned into a kind of caravansary. Carriers line up on either side of the road, spread their sleeping-mats between their loads, cook and eat their evening meal in the highway, after which they settle down for the night under their cloths, or without them, if the night is warm.

In his use of imported instruments the negro often reverses the order of their application. A needle he pushes from him as he stitches. He stands at the back of a saw, driving it straight down in front of him with short, sharp, tearing jabs. He makes a chisel of a screwdriver, shoots edges with a smoothing plane, and drives screws with a hammer.

Congo is a land where a great many things are done contrary to what the white man is accustomed. A wedding-ring weighs anything from half an ounce to thirteen pounds. They put it on the leg, not the finger. For the sake of balance there is one for each ankle. We have seen them reach as far as the knee. Dogs of appalling breed, appalling appearance, and appalling conditions are usually where they should not be, doing what they should not be doing. Hens roost, sit, hatch, and mother their broods in the dwelling-houses, and the places where humans sleep usually get the benefit. They plant potato tops

instead of potato bulbs, they chip off a vegetable stem instead of the root. The hippo potato would do credit to the proverbial Yankee story-teller, for we have hired a man to carry one, with a few odd things, have eaten of it every day for a month, and have brought back home from a journey as much as would last another week. Instead of a neat dress you see a loin cloth often scarcely able to do its duty. The farther you go into the bush, even this very small article becomes less and less.

Native efforts to imitate the white people in dress are not successful. An early craze is for hats, which they sometimes wear in rows of three or four, or more at a time, when they get them. The scraps of clothing in one house are exchanged for those in another on any special occasion, until one has worn all one's own as well as that of one's neighbor before bed-time. The black man ties his "nosegay" on to his walking-stick.

The native has a power of speech in ordinary conversation and business which would shock European society. A bargain is conducted at the top of the voice. Whatever the final price is to be, the highest and the lowest bid are shouted by the respective parties, from which they run up and down until they both strike the same price. Everybody within a fair distance can know and hear what is being sold, and how much it is being sold for. Or maybe, the seller sets his price, the buyer his price, after which

the matter is left to a third party to settle, the traders themselves taking no more part in the matter, except to pay the money or receive it.

Everybody comes to know things of the most intimate nature. The most private matters, if not exactly shouted from the housetops, are shouted on the markets and in the streets. A party in one house keeps up a conversation with a party in a house over the road, or even in the next street. Conversations in any house are usually conducted in a public-spirited manner. When a woman angrily tells her husband what she is thinking about him, she generally emphasizes it for the benefit of all within earshot. The why and the wherefore of personal affairs are habitually demonstrated for the public good. Ordinary speech gives one the impression that every man, woman, and child taking part in it is deaf, and that nothing but a noise is capable of penetrating to the brain. So everybody shouts, giving rise to such a din, when a few are together, as to render it necessary to shout more to make oneself heard at all. The native is a man who must talk, which he does to himself regularly, and in a way as though he had a congregation. A story is told in a manner which makes it appear as though the teller were quarrelling with his listeners. For ability to talk long and loud, the Congo native cannot be excelled.

On every hand you see something contrary to your own order of things. A baby is carried not in the

arms, but on the back or on the hips; not rocked in a cradle, but rolled on a mat; not picked up by the body, but lifted by the arm. Instead of being bathed in a pure white vessel of water with a comfortable temperature of 90° F., with castile soap, it gets a cold shower from the neck of a calabash, and is set out in the sun to dry.

Instead of the rhyme, "This little pig went to market," picked off the toes of the infant, you hear the mother croon and sing about its fingers. The thumb says, "I'm the master of the lot;" the fore-finger says, "I'm the sign of danger;" the middle finger says, "I'm not far behind; a bit more and I shall catch you;" the little finger says, "Ah, but I'm the hope of the town, for a town without a little one is no town at all."

They do not tip the forehead in salute, but dust the temples with Mother Earth, and clap the hands three times. Instead of a cigarette-case they hand round the bitter kola nut as a mark of comradeship. In place of the afternoon cup of tea to a visitor, they exchange snuff, or try each other's tobacco pipes. A pencil is stuck in the hair, not behind the ear. Things are carried on the head, not in the pocket. A bag is carried, not in the hand but under the armpit, slung over the shoulder by a string. The highest mark of respect is a drink of palm wine. It is the land where they use leaves as pocket handkerchiefs; papyrus reeds, as doors and screens; palm leaves

interlaced, as portmanteaus; dried grass, as shelves; brass, iron, and wood, as jewelry; tree-trunks, as bridges; cane, as tooth-brushes; and where a multitude of other strange things contribute to the curiosity of the foreigner.

The amount of soil a negro takes in with his food is alarming. He roasts bananas or nuts in the fire ash, and devours them together with surprising ease. He counts his fish, fowl, and flesh in the roadway as though it were a grocer's counter or a butcher's chopping-block. Food is often put into bags, the condition of which defies description, and meat, before it gets to the cooking-pot, is often of such appearance and quality that we have to cut it to see what it is.

Then there is the peculiar language of signs. Few European rules and gestures avail one in this world of topsy-turvydom. When you meet a friend you do not shake his hand, you clap your own. To show your respect for him, you neither bow nor curtsy; you put your hands together and then push them out and downwards, as far as the knee, as you stoop. Where you would say "yes" the correct answer is "no." The sign of ignorance is to rub the palms of the hands sharply, as if dusting them of flour. The "don't-care" gesture is a shrug of the shoulders. Approval is not signified by a nod, but by a jerk of the head backwards. The sign of emphasis is not made by driving the right fist into the left palm,

but by striking the left fist over the thumb and forefinger with the right palm, stressing every syllable. You do not "lay down the law" with a shake of the forefinger, you do it with two shaken together. To indicate the height of a person you do not raise your hand palm downwards, that is the measurement of a beast; but perpendicularly, with the fingers straight. When you like a joke you do not slap the jester on the back, you smack him on the hand, which he raises at the right moment for the purpose, snapping thumb and finger with a click as you do it. Instead of addressing one as "sir," you say "uncle," "grandfather," or "father-of-a-hundred," though you have never seen him before and may never see him again.

Natives names are interesting: Mr. Blazing-hot, Mr. Don't-you-know, Mr. Nobody-to-bury-me, Miss Knock-me-about, Mrs. Which-trousers, and so on.

The native language, too, is a wealth of queer expressions. To be proved wrong is to be "turned upside down." To die is to "climb the hill." To wait patiently is to "throw your heart down." Instead of saying, "I really do not know what to do," you say, "My heart is not at home." Instead of saying, "He has made him sad," you say, "He has twisted his neck." Instead of, "I'm horrified," you say, "My hair shivers." You do not tell one to "get out of the light," you tell him to "take the darkness away." You do not say, "I am uncertain," you say, "My heart stutters." "I am grieved,"

would be "My heart is warped." The ankle is the elbow of the foot; the clavicle is the "shoulder spoon"; the ribs are the "heart fence"; and the spinal marrow is the "brain of the backbone." Stockings are called "leg bags." Barley is "maize with whiskers on."

The native in his turn gets a good deal of amusement out of the white man. He is quick in noticing his chief characteristics, to which he gives a name which usually fits them to a T. For example, one man who takes a lot of time thinking out a thing is known as "Mr. Lot-of-thought." Another whose gait is peculiar is "Mr. Peacock." One who never lets the "grass grow under his feet" is "Mr. Rush-about." One with a spring in his feet is "Mr. Tip-toe." Another who likes a joke is "Mr. Laughter." One who is a great smoker is "Mr. Suck-pipe."

The joy the negro obtains and the joy he affords to others make it worth while to make his acquaintance and friendship.

twist, a very strong brand of tobacco rolled into a rope-like shape, used generally for chewing

Congolese (ĕŏn-gō-lēs′), a native of Congo, Africa

cassava (ĕă-sä′va), the root of the manioc, a tropical plant from which a flour is extracted and used for making bread

baboon (băb-o͞on′), a monkey

dyspepsia (dĭs-pĕp′si-a), a difficult digestion

calabash (ĕăl′a-băsh), a vessel made from the shell of the gourd-like fruit of a tropical tree

chandelier (çhăn-de-lēr′), a support for lights

jigger (jĭg′er), a flea

franc (frăn̲c), a French or Belgian silver coin worth before the World War about twenty cents; its value is considerably less now

caravansary (c̲ăr-a-văn′sā-ry), an inn

appalling (ă-pa̲l′ĭng), frightful

hippo (hĭp′o) **potato,** an African root which grows to a very large size

kola (kō′la) **nut,** the seed of an African tree, chewed by the natives

papyrus (pa-pī′rŭs), a rush-like plant

portmanteau (pôrt-măn′tō), a satchel

clavicle (c̲lăv′i-c̲l), the bone connecting the shoulder-blade and the breast-bone

spinal marrow (spīn′al mă′ro), a soft, cord-like substance inside of the backbone

Lesson XXIV

WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM[1]

Lucy Foster Madison

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can answer the questions given at the end. Do not look at these questions until you are through reading. You will need to read carefully because you will need to reason out some of the answers.

I

They had condemned her to death — a young girl and innocent. They had condemned her in the rough log courthouse, and all the faces of the judges and the preachers had been stern and pitiless. It was long, long ago, in 1692, and men in those days believed in witchcraft and put men and women to death on the charge of practicing it. Was it not written in the Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live?"

Numerous people had said that Delight English was a witch, even her own uncle with whom she lived and who wished to see her put out of the way so that he could secure her property. Her own cousin, a young girl like herself, testified that Delight had brought a serious sickness on her and could relieve the pain by merely coming to her and laying hands

[1] From Madison's "A Maid of Salem Town." Published by permission of, and arrangement with, The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

on the sore part. After one of the judges had spoken the solemn words of condemnation, they had taken her to the jail and left her alone after all those dreadful hours of questioning and answer.

Delight expected to pass the night before her death alone. She was excited and strove to calm herself. The shades of evening were beginning to throw dark shadows into the corners of the cell when the door opened to admit the jailer and a woman.

"There'll be none of your tricks, mistress — flying off on a broomstick or such like," said the jailer, as he fastened the chain which tied her foot to the foot of the other woman. "There'll you be, the two of you. Take whatever comfort you can find together. This is the last night for both of you. Tomorrow you'll dangle like leaves in the summer breeze! Yes, like leaves in the summer breeze."

Delight shuddered at the picture his words brought up, and then looked at her companion in distress. The twilight prevented the woman's features from being distinct, so she spoke gently.

"Is it true, mistress, that you also are to hang tomorrow?"

"It is in truth so, Mistress Delight," replied the woman in sad tones.

"Mistress Wilmot!" cried the girl. "How came you here?"

"How do any of us come here except when we are accused of being witches?" replied the woman,

sharply. "The minister's children called me a witch."

"But you are not one," said Delight rather than asked.

"No. But how can the matter be denied when people and court and ministers are against one? The afflicted ones have said that I tormented them. Therefore nothing can be done."

"How long have you been in the jail?"

"Some days. Charles was from home at the time, and I have not seen him since."

"Was he not present at your trial?" asked the girl in surprise. "It seems to me a good son should have supported his mother in such an hour."

"He is a good son," said the mother fiercely. "I know not why he did not come to me. But there was good cause! There was good cause!"

"And has he not been to see you since you have been in prison?" Delight cried out, with some anger.

"Did you not know, mistress, that it has been forbidden any visit the condemned because of the great excitement in the countryside? Of course, the magistrates may come to exhort to confession. I did wish to see my son once more."

She fell to weeping softly.

"I wish that you might," said the maiden gently. "'Tis very hard to die without a friend to comfort one. I thought that Master Mather would have come to talk to me, but he did not. 'Tis weary alone. Where did you live before, Mistress Wilmot?"

"In a cell with three other," replied Mistress Wilmot. "I liked them not because they confessed to being witches, and it sickened my soul to hear the horrible things of which they declared themselves guilty. So, being possessed of a little money and a gold ring, I persuaded the jailer to put me into another dungeon. He warned me of your acts, but, being strong in the Lord, I fear them not."

"Why, Mistress Wilmot, you do not believe that I am a witch, do you?"

"Yes, I am no unbeliever. You witched my son. Over and over he has declared it to me. Charles is a noble boy. I am not surprised that you should try to cast a spell upon him."

"I did not try to do so," exclaimed Delight, indignantly. "I am surprised that you should think anybody guilty of spells and charms, when you say that you are no witch and yet still have been accused and condemned to death."

"Satan has the power to take upon himself the image of innocent persons," declared the widow earnestly. "But God will right all things. Now speak to me no more. I must get ready for the morrow."

Silence settled over the cell. The darkness increased. Delight lay down upon her pallet of straw, but was unable to sleep. Visions of her past happy life came, and above all, the face of her far-away father appeared before her, sorrowful and sad. De-

light could not lie still. A great restlessness came upon her, and she sprang from her couch and walked to and from as far as her chain would let her. Presently she sat down upon the straw. For what was she waiting? She knew not. She knew only that she was very nervous, that she started and quivered at the slightest noise.

"I will sing," she whispered. "A tune may calm my fears and give peace to my soul."

And in a voice that trembled pitifully she sang slowly:

"Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
For man would me devour:
He fighteth with me day by day,
And troubleth me each hour."

"Delight," whispered a voice above her. "Mistress Delight!"

The girl started to her feet, thinking she must be dreaming or the victim of an illusion.

"Dear Lord," she exclaimed, "let me not lose my senses!"

"Mistress Delight," came the voice clearly this time.

"Yes," answered the girl. "I am here. Who are you and where are you?"

"I am Charles Wilmot," came in low, eager tones. "Can you not see my shadow, mistress? I am above at the window, in the branches of a tree. I seek my mother, but I thought not to find you."

"Your mother is here, Master Wilmot," returned the girl, the eagerness dying out of her voice. "She sleeps. I will awaken her. She will rejoice at your coming. She grieved because she could not bid you farewell."

"One moment, Delight," said the youth. "Listen to me, I beg. I know now that you are no witch. Forgive me that I ever did think so. When my mother was accused my eyes were opened to the error of my ways. Mistress, I know now the meaning of the spell you laid upon me."

"I forgive you that you believed me a witch," she said. "Now I will call your mother. Mistress Wilmot! Mistress Wilmot!" she cried as loudly as she dared.

"Who calls?" asked the woman drowsily. "Surely 'tis not morning yet."

"Awake! Your son is here," cried the girl again.

"My son!" exclaimed Mistress Wilmot, joyfully leaping to her feet. "Charles, my son! my son!"

"Mother!" spoke the lad. "Mother, I have come to free you."

"To free me! How?"

"I have a file with which to saw the bars of the window," was the answer, "and a rope. When the rope is lowered you will tie it tightly about you, and I will draw you up."

"But the chain, my son?" spoke the mother, excitedly. "The chain about my ankle?"

"I had thought of that and I am prepared. I have fastened another file to a small cord which I will lower. 'Tis double cut and will work rapidly. Free yourself and then give the steel to Mistress Delight. Work briskly, mother. We must be far from here before morning breaks, and 'twill take swift work to free you both."

"Charles," spoke Mistress Wilmot determinedly, "if that witch goes, I go not."

"Mother, she is no witch. My eyes are opened, and I know now the meaning of the witchery she has used."

"If she goes, I go not," persisted the mother stubbornly. "Charles! Charles! What arts has she used that you are so blinded?"

"Mother," declared the youth passionately, "if you do not aid in her escape, I will let you remain where you are."

"Then let me be," cried the mother. "Blind, undutiful son that you are! Rather a thousand times would I perish than see you linked with one allied to Satan."

"Mistress Wilmot," said Delight, "have no fear. I would not escape if I could. There is no place for me to go should I escape. Do not quarrel because of me. There is nothing for me but death."

"No, Delight," cried the youth, "don't say that. Waste no more words, but to work!"

He swung a cord through the window and the clink

of the file could be heard against the wall as it was being lowered. No word was spoken until the mother grasped the file. Then she laughed.

"I have it, Charles, in my hand, and there it stays. Neither my chain nor the witch's will it unloosen."

"Mother, mother, have you gone entirely out of your wits?" demanded Charles Wilmot impatiently. "Dally no longer. 'Tis one o'clock now, and unless you hurry daybreak will find us thus. To work! To work!"

"I will not," cried Mistress Wilmot. "She has bewitched you, and you know not what you do."

"No, mistress," begged Delight, "don't be stubborn. Unloose your chain, as your son bids you. Don't quarrel on my account. I will not go."

"Hush, girl! we stay together here. Together we meet death on the morrow; and thus I shall know that my son is safe."

Delight said no more. Words were useless. The woman was sublime in her mother love. Nothing could convince her that the girl was other than a witch, and she would give her life if by so doing she could save her son from being joined in bonds with one devoted to the unholy worship of Satan. But Charles Wilmot failed to see the sublimity. He begged; he pleaded; he threatened, but he made no impression on the woman. With Puritan courage she maintained her decision. Finally the young man lost control of himself completely.

"If the maid is a witch," he cried in a loud and angry voice, "you are one also."

With these words he seemed to withdraw, for his shadow was no more to be seen and no further words came from him. Delight, hearing the mother praying softly, was filled with pity for her. But there was nothing that the girl could do for her, and presently she fell into a light but refreshing sleep which lasted until daybreak.

II

Bright and clear the morning dawned. Nine o'clock was the hour set for the execution. Four were to pay on the scaffold the penalty of the awful crime of witchcraft. Delight was awakened by the jailer bringing breakfast.

"Are you there, witch?" he cackled. "Then you didn't fly through the window last night? Your master wants you to himself. I was on the lookout. You would not have gone far."

The girl made no reply but glanced at Mistress Wilmot. The woman was very pale. Her eyes were red and swollen as if she had been weeping. The maiden felt very sorry for her. But for her the mother would have been free. Her eyes filled with tears and she pushed the food from her with sudden loathing.

"Mistress Wilmot," she said abruptly, "I am sorry that I was the cause of ill-feeling between you

and your son. 'Twill soon be time for us to go to the place of execution, and then we will be no more. Before we go I should like to hear you say that you forgive me."

"Peace!" said the woman sternly. "Leave me alone with my Maker."

Delight shrank back hurt by the reply, and silence settled upon them. At length the jailer and the sheriff, bearing his staff of office, entered the cell and bade them make ready for death. Touching them with his staff, the sheriff commanded them to step forth.

The girl obeyed with indifference. Mistress Wilmot seemed to have used up her tears also. Without a word they were led from the jail and made to enter the large cart which stood in front of the prison. A number of musketeers, armed and watchful for fear of a rescue, awaited their coming. They were to act as escort to the place of execution, so much care was thought necessary to the safe conduct of the witches.

A man and woman, husband and wife, already occupied places in the rough cart. They were the two other victims. The man sat looking straight before him. The woman drooped in an attitude of despair. Mistress Wilmot's head fell upon her breast as she took her place; but Delight, with some remaining interest in the ways of life and men, was conscious of all things on this her last journey.

All the inhabitants of Salem and the countryside

had gathered together to witness the hanging. It was full of awful meaning to them. A wild terror filled their hearts, for who knew upon which of them the devil would next set his seal? 'Owing to the fear that oppressed every one, there was little demonstration made. Few mutterings were heard. The boys who were wont to call jeeringly after the witches, were silent, rendered dumb by the awfulness of an event that was being enacted almost every day.

Slowly the cart made its way through the winding and difficult road which led to the place of execution. Delight looked around for Cotton Mather. He was not to be seen, and her heart felt suddenly heavy.

"Would he had been here!" she thought mournfully, for Cotton Mather, firm as he had been in his belief in witchcraft, had not been hostile to Delight.

"There is not one friendly face to sustain me. Dear Lord, be Thou my strength and my refuge."

With a step that did not falter, she stepped down from the cart and climbed the ladder which led to the platform of the scaffold. Witches' Hill was the highest point in the neighborhood of the town, and the spectacle could be seen far and near.

As in a dream, Delight's eyes wandered over the sea of faces around her. Presently her glance fell upon a group, which, purposely or by accident, stood somewhat apart from the crowd. It consisted of her uncle, Elisha English, his daughter Mercy, and several others whom she recognized.

The provost-marshal commanded silence while he read the warrant for the execution of the four. Expectation was intense. Awe, dread, earnestness, and a stern but wild fanaticism were stamped upon all faces.

Delight was looking intently at her uncle and cousin when her mind was recalled by the voice of one of the witches.

"I am innocent of this horrible charge of witchcraft," said the wife of the wizard. "Good people, I grieve not to die if it so be that it will stay the shedding of innocent blood. I pray you, pause in your mad search for witnesses and beware of shedding

guiltless blood lest God in His Judgment give you also blood to drink."

At last her voice was silent, and the hangman seized them one by one and bound their arms behind them. A hush fell upon the people as he prepared to blindfold the victims before executing them.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and from the forest a horseman dashed among them, crying:

"Hold! Hold! In the name of the King!"

"My father!" came in a piercing scream from Delight. "My father comes to save me!"

Then she pitched forward and fell in an unconscious heap upon the platform.

At that cry the people shrank back, and with pale faces looked upon the horseman as though a ghost had arisen in the midst of them. It was a very much alive spirit who flung himself from his horse, bounded up the ladder, caught his unconscious daughter in his arms, and turned an angry face toward them.

"You fools! you dolts!" he cried, shaking his fist at them. "Have you gone stark, staring mad that you would murder the innocent?"

"Sir," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Noyes, "you are interfering with the administration of justice."

"Justice!" roared Samuel English, turning on him so fiercely that the minister stepped back. "Do you call such doings justice? 'Tis murder rather."

"But —" began the minister.

"Peace! Yonder comes the Governor, from whom you can take authority. Now, in God's name, bring a leech, lest this prove too much for my little one."

His tone softened. He laid Delight down on the hard boards, and, kneeling beside her, began to rub her hands. Mistress Wilmot stood looking dazedly about her. The wizard and his wife knelt beside Samuel English and his child. The people murmured and moved restlessly about, wondering what would happen. From the forest rode a glittering calvacade at whose head was the new Governor.

Sir William Phips' temper was never of the best, and now as he mounted the platform his face was purple with rage and his portly form quivered with emotion.

"You fools," he cried; "your zeal has rendered you crazy and silly! Where are those who accuse my lady wife of being a witch? Have you lost your senses that innocent people must suffer with the guilty? What has this girl done? Where is her uncle? Let him stand forth —"

"No, your excellency," interposed Samuel English, "leave me to deal with him. There is much to be settled between us."

"As you will. Listen!" the Governor turned again to the people. "It has come to me that many who have private grievances, seize upon the excitement about witchcraft to satisfy their spite. Also

that many innocent persons have been accused falsely of witchcraft. I do hereby declare the trial court to be dissolved. Further: all cases of witchcraft shall hereafter be tried by the General Court of New England. Still further: persons in prison and condemned to death shall be released until further proof of witchcraft be given."

A mighty shout filled the air. The load of fear that had oppressed their hearts for so long was lifted, and men and women burst into tears or expressed their relief in laughter. The cloud had lifted.

"Oh, sir," wept the woman who bent over Delight. "Oh, sir, are we free?"

"Free as the wind, my poor woman," answered Samuel English. "Free, thank God!"

"Father," murmured Delight, opening her eyes at the moment, "Father, is it heaven? Have I died?"

"No, no, my child," wept her father, clasping her close to him. "No, no! I live and you live. Feel me, little one! This is flesh and blood."

He lifted her gently and carried her down from the platform.

The crowd parted. A little aside was Lady Phips, mounted on a black horse. She dismounted and took Delight into her arms.

"Dear child," she said, laughing and crying, as she embraced the maiden. "All is well now. Your trouble is over."

tes'ti fy (tĕs'ti-fȳ), to state on oath that something is true
condemnation (e0n-dĕm-nā'shon), sentencing a prisoner
afflicted, sick persons
exhort (ĕgz-ôrt'), to appeal to some one to do something
Master Mather, Cotton Mather, a famous American clergyman
abide, to live
dungeon (dŭn'ġon), cell in a prison
pallet (păl'ĕt), a mattress
witch'ery, the tricks performed by witches
musketeer (mŭs-kĕt-ēr'), a soldier armed with a musket, an old-type gun
sustain', to help, assist
falter (fą'ter), to totter
spectacle (spĕe'ta-el), show
cavalcade (eăv-al-eād'), a company of riders

Questions to be Answered by the Pupils

1. Is this lesson true or is it merely a story?
2. What is a witch?
3. What kinds of evidence were used to decide that a person was a witch?
4. What is wrong with this type of evidence?
5. What is a spell?
6. What was the spell cast on the boy?
7. What was strange about what Mrs. Wilmot thought?
8. What had the Governor found out about the evidence of some of the witnesses?
9. Do we mistreat people in this way at the present time?
10. In what other ways were people mistreated in early times?

Lesson XXV

THE STORY OF A HIRED BOY[1]

George Cary Eggleston

To the Pupil:

This lesson is a story about a boy who became a very famous man. Read it carefully to find all the reasons given which made different men who knew him think that he would be great. After you have finished reading, write down each of the reasons which you find. Find what evidence the father had for thinking that the boy would never make an artist?

When Michael Angelo was twelve years of age, although he had had no instructor in art, he did a piece of work which greatly pleased the painter, Domenico Ghirlandajo. That artist at once declared that here was a lad of genius, who must quit his school studies and become a painter.

This was what the little Michael most wished to do, but he had no hope that his father would listen for a moment to the suggestion. His father, Ludovico Buonarotti, was a distinguished man in the state, and held art and artists in contempt. He had planned a great political career for his boy, as the boy knew very well.

Ghirlandajo was enthusiastic, however, and, in

[1] From "Strange Stories from History." Used by permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers.

company with the lad, he at once visited Ludovico, and asked him to place Michael in his studio.

Ludovico was very angry, saying that he wished his son to become a prominent man in society and politics, not a dauber and a mason; but when he found that young Michael was determined to be an artist or nothing, he gave way, though unwillingly. He would not say that he consented to place his son with Ghirlandajo; he would not admit that the study of art was study, or the studio of an artist anything but a shop. He said to the artist:

"I give up my son to you. He shall be your apprentice or your servant, as you please, for three years, and you must pay me twenty-four florins for his services."

In spite of the insulting words and the insulting terms, Michael Angelo consented thus to be hired out as a servant to the artist, who should have been paid by his father for teaching him. He had to endure much, indeed, besides the anger and contempt of his father, who forbade him even to visit his house, and utterly disowned him. His fellow-pupils were jealous of his ability, and ill-treated him constantly, one of them going so far as to break his nose with a blow.

When Michael Angelo had been with Ghirlandajo about two years, he went one day to the Gardens of St. Mark, where the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici — who was the foremost patron of art in Florence —

had established a rich museum of artworks at great expense. One of the workmen in the garden gave the boy leave to try his hand at copying some of the sculptures there, and Michael, who had hitherto studied only painting, was glad of a chance to experiment with the chisel, which he preferred to the brush. He chose for his model an ancient figure of a faun, which was somewhat mutilated. The mouth, indeed, was entirely broken off, but the boy was very self-reliant, and this did not trouble him. He worked day after day at the piece, creating a mouth for it of his own imagining, with lips parted in laughter and the teeth displayed.

When he had finished and was looking at his work, a man standing near asked if he might offer a criticism.

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."

"Of that you shall be the judge," said the man.

"Very well. What is it?"

"The forehead of your faun is old, but the mouth is young. See, it has a full set of perfect teeth. A faun so old as this one would not have perfect teeth."

The lad admitted the justice of the criticism, and proceeded to remedy the defect by clipping away two or three of the teeth, and chiselling the gums so as to give them a shrivelled appearance.

The next morning when Michael went to remove his faun from the garden, it was gone. He searched everywhere for it, but without success. Finally,

seeing the man who had made the suggestion about the teeth, he asked him if he knew where it was.

"Yes," replied the man, "and if you will follow me I'll show you where it is."

"Will you give it back to me? I made it and have a right to it."

With that he led the way into the palace of the prince, and there, among the most precious works of art in the collection, stood the faun. The young sculptor cried out in alarm, declaring that the Prince Lorenzo would never forgive the introduction of so rude a piece of work among his treasures of sculpture. To his astonishment the man declared that he was himself the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici, and that he set the highest value upon this work.

"I am your protector and friend," he added. "Henceforth you shall be counted as my son, for you are destined to become one of the great masters of art."

This was overwhelming good fortune. Lorenzo de' Medici was a powerful nobleman, known far and wide to be a most expert judge of works of art. His approval was in itself fame and fortune.

Filled with joy, the lad went straightway to his father's house, which he had been forbidden to enter, and, forcing his way into Ludovico's presence, told him what had happened. The father refused to believe the good news until Michael led him into Lorenzo's presence.

When the prince, by way of emphasizing his good-will, offered Ludovico any post he might choose, he asked for a very modest place indeed, saying with bitter contempt that it was good enough "for the father of a mason."

Michael Angelo (ăn′ġe-lo), a famous Italian painter, poet, and sculptor

Domenico Ghirlandajo (do-mẹ′ni-ɛo, ḡïr-län-dä′yo), a famous Italian painter

genius (ġē′ni-ŭs), great ability

Ludovico Buonarotti (lụ-do-vï′ɛo bụ-o-na-rot′i)

dauber (dạb′er), a bad painter

apprentice (ă-prĕn′tiç), one learning a trade

Gardens of St. Mark, a famous place in the city of Florence, Italy, where Lorenzo de' Medici gathered the best works of art produced in Italy in his time

patron of art, a person who helps painters and other artists in many ways, specially by purchasing their pictures and other objects of art

museum (mū-ṣē′ŭm), a place where works of art, curiosities, etc., are kept

sculpture (sɛŭlp′chụr), a statue made of stone, metal, wood, etc.

faun (fạn), a god of the woods, half-human, with pointed ears and goat's feet

mutilate (mū′ti-lāt), to break off a part of anything

Lesson XXVI

HOW HEAT MAKES COLD

C. T. Gray

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson carefully. At the end you will find a drawing of the machinery which is often used in making ice. There are some questions to be answered about this drawing.

Do not look at the questions until you have finished reading the lesson.

One of the most interesting differences between American homes of today and the homes of the people who first came to this country is in the use of ice.

As you know, in many homes there are now either refrigerators to which the ice man brings ice each day or a refrigerator which makes its own cold.

When our country was first settled, this was not true. The early settlers often built their houses near a spring, which is a small stream of water that runs out of the ground. This water is usually cool, so that the people built a small house over the spring, called a *spring house,* and in the water which ran through this little house, they placed their butter, milk, eggs, and vegetables. In those parts of the

country where there were no springs, the people dug wells, and in addition to using the water for drinking, they placed their butter, say, in a bucket, and lowered it into the water by means of a rope.

In some parts of our country the spring house and the well still serve as the family refrigerator.

For a long time, those who used ice got it from the northern part of the country, where the lakes and streams freeze over with a thick layer of ice in the winter. This ice was cut into large blocks and packed in sawdust in large buildings. It could then be shipped to all parts of the country, as it was needed. This made ice expensive. Sometimes there were warm winters so that the ice harvest was short. At such times it was impossible even for those who had plenty of money to get ice.

These problems were all solved when it was found that ice could be made in a so-called ice factory.

At first these factories were built only in the large cities, but now most small towns have them, and in the last few years it has become possible for a home which has electricity or gas to have its own small ice factory, or a refrigerator which makes its own cold.

If you have never visited one of these factories, try to do so the next time you are near one.

The way in which it works is easy to understand if you will try a very simple experiment. Put a drop of ammonia on the back of your hand. It disappears very quickly and makes the skin where it

was feel cold. In changing to a vapor it has taken heat from the skin and so makes the hand feel cold.

If you had some plan by which you could catch this vapor and change it back to ammonia, you would have all the main things which go to make up an ice factory.

One thing which you may notice about the plant is a large smoke stack which carries the smoke away from the fire under a large boiler. Thus, you see that heat is used in making cold. The steam from this boiler is used to run an engine which in turn keeps a large pump in action. In another room there are large buckets which can be raised from or lowered into a large vat filled with brine or salty water.

In this brine there are pipes which come from the pump. These are filled with ammonia. When the ammonia comes into the pipes, it changes from a liquid to a vapor and so draws the heat from the brine. The brine draws the heat from the water in the large buckets and thus freezes it into ice. The ammonia vapor is forced into another machine which exerts pressure on it, and in this way it is changed into a liquid and so the process goes on hour after hour and day after day.

This plan for making ice has had many important effects.

Some of you may have seen a large war vessel in a foreign country where the weather is very hot, and you may have wondered how the sailors could get

good food. This vessel probably has a large room in it cooled in the manner which has been described. In this way the men can have fresh meat and vegetables the same as if they were on land.

Some of you may have wondered how fresh fruit and vegetables could be shipped from Texas or California to New York. Such fruit is shipped in refrigerator cars cooled with ice frozen in an ice factory.

At present these refrigerating plants are made very small so that many families buy them instead of the regular refrigerator to which the ice man brings ice, and in many large buildings drinking water is cooled by one of these small plants.

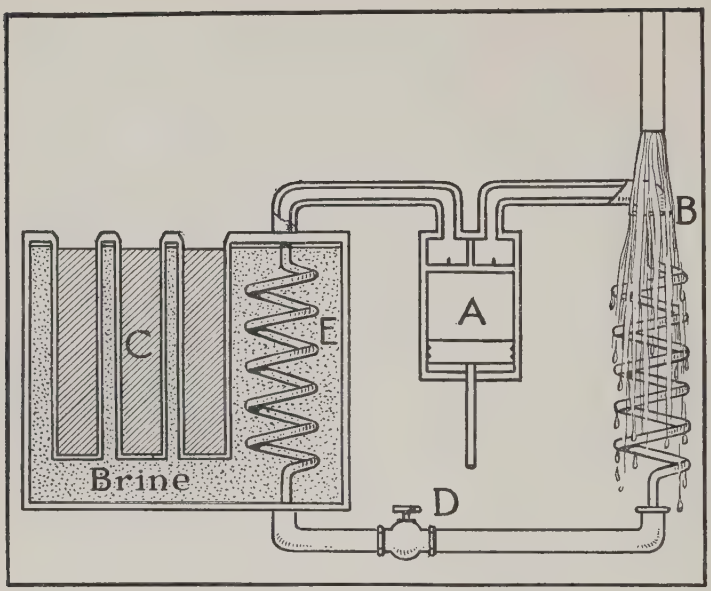
Theaters are sometimes cooled in the summer by a part of the machinery which furnishes heat in the winter. Indeed, it seems that before many years the heating plant as used in the winter will become a cooling system in the summer. Thus you see that each home will become a kind of summer resort and people will be much more comfortable than they are at present.

ammonia (ă-mō′ni-a), a chemical used to manufacture ice

To the Pupil:

The picture on p. 192 shows how ice is made at the factory. From what you have read, try to answer the questions given below.

1. The cans in which the ice is frozen are at ——.



2. The pump which keeps the ammonia moving is at ——.

3. The coils where the ammonia is cooled are at ——.

4. The coils where the ammonia takes the heat from the brine are at ——.

5. The ammonia at *B* is a ——.

6. The ammonia at *E* is a ——.

Lesson XXVII

DUTY

Robert E. Lee

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson so that you can answer the questions below:

1. What is meant by duty?
2. Do children of your age have duties?
3. Make a list of such duties.
4. If you do your duty, will you become famous as the old man in the lesson did?
5. Did he expect to become famous?
6. Why do we do our duty?

In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness — still known as "the dark day" — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general surprise and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the excitement of the moment, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamfort, and

said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.

Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

ex tin'guish, to put out

Lesson XXVIII

THE COBBLER WHO BECAME AN ASTROLOGER[1]

F. E. Spaulding and C. T. Bryce

To the Pupil:

This lesson is a story written a long time ago in a country where the people think and act differently from our own people. Below is a list of things which we admire in people today. How many of these points are shown in the things which the people do in the story? Pick out the part of the story which shows each one.

1. bravery
2. goodness
3. honesty
4. strength
5. happiness
6. modesty
7. industriousness
8. politeness
9. kindness
10. obedience
11. education
12. appreciation of nature
13. patriotism
14. skill in games
15. truthfulness
16. unselfishness
17. perseverence
18. good manners

Do the people in the story do things which you do not like?

Do we do anything to-day which the people in the story would probably not like?

Many years ago there lived in a far eastern land a cobbler named Ahmed. Ahmed was a cheerful,

[1] From "The Aldine Readers." Used by permission of Newson and Company, publishers.

industrious man, whose one ambition was to be the best cobbler in town. This he doubtless would have become in time, and so lived a happy, peaceful life and died without our ever having heard of him, but for one thing.

Ahmed fell in love with a very beautiful woman whom he wished to make his wife. Sittara, for this was the name of the fair lady, was quite willing to marry the cobbler, and for a time they were very happy. But one evening, while walking, they met a lady richly dressed in silks and jewels and attended by many servants.

"Who is she?" asked Sittara.

"The wife of the chief astrologer," answered Ahmed.

For a while Sittara walked on in silence, then she said:

"Ahmed, I want you to do something for me."

"That I will and gladly," answered Ahmed. "What do you wish?"

"I want you to stop cobbling. It is a poor, mean trade. You will never get rich at it. Give it up and become an astrologer."

"An astrologer! Are you mad, Sittara? How can a poor, ignorant cobbler become an astrologer? Why, astrologers are the wisest men in the land!" cried Ahmed.

"Well," answered Sittara, "do not speak to me again. For I tell you, I shall never marry a poor

cobbler. I shall marry only a man who can give me silks and jewels and servants like those of the chief astrologer's wife."

Ahmed tried to reason with the proud woman, but she would not listen to him, and at last, to please her, the poor cobbler promised to turn astrologer.

Early the next morning, Ahmed went to the market place. There he set up a little stall and stood calling:

"I am the great astrologer! I read the stars! By them I can tell everything that has ever happened or ever will happen in the world."

His old friends gathered around his stall and laughed at him for thinking he was wise enough to be an astrologer. But Ahmed paid no attention to them and continued to call:

"Come to me! I am Ahmed, the great astrologer! I will tell you all you wish to know of the past or future."

Now, it happened that the king's jeweler passed through the market place. He was in great trouble this morning, for the largest ruby in the king's crown was lost; and well the poor jeweler knew that he would pay for it with his life, as soon as the king discovered what had happened.

When he heard Ahmed's cries, he said to himself:

"Perhaps this fellow can help me. At any rate, it will do no harm to try him."

So he walked up to Ahmed's stall and told him the whole story. Then he said:

"If you find the king's ruby, I will give you two hundred pieces of gold; but if you do not find it, I will do all in my power to have you put to death for pretending to be a great astrologer while you are nothing but a poor cobbler. You see, I know you."

When Ahmed heard this, he was speechless with fear. Then he thought of how Sittara had brought this trouble upon him, and he exclaimed aloud:

"Oh, woman, woman, what trouble thou hast wrought!"

The truth about the lost ruby was this. It had been stolen by the jeweler's own wife, who was a very wicked woman. By this theft she hoped both to enrich herself and to get the poor jeweler into trouble. She had confided the secret to one of her slaves, whom she had sent to follow and watch the jeweler in his search for the lost stone.

This slave was standing near when the jeweler spoke with the astrologer, and she heard the latter exclaim:

"Oh, woman, woman, what trouble thou hast wrought!"

When the slave heard this, she thought the astrologer knew all about the lost ruby and that he meant her mistress. So she ran home and told her mistress all that she had seen and heard.

The jeweler's wife was terrified. She lost no time in hurrying to the market place. Falling on her knees before Ahmed, she cried:

"Great astrologer, spare my life, do not tell my husband what I have done, and I will confess everything."

"Confess! confess to me! What have you to confess, woman?" asked the puzzled astrologer.

"Oh, you know very well that I stole the king's ruby! But, oh, promise me that you will keep my secret and I will return it!" cried the woman.

When Ahmed realized that the lost ruby was found, he wanted to shout for joy. But instead, he drew himself up as tall as he could and looked down on the woman.

"You speak the truth, woman," he said. "I do, indeed, know what you have done. Now, if you promise to obey me exactly, no harm shall come to you and I will keep your secret. Go home! Hide the ruby under the pillow of your husband's couch. Place it on the side farthest from the door. But remember, I can discover all secrets, and if you do not follow my directions exactly, woe be unto you!"

The frightened woman hastened to her home and did as the astrologer commanded, while Ahmed sent for the jeweler.

"My friend," he said, "by my wonderful powers, I have discovered the lost ruby. Go home; lift the pillow from your couch and you will find the jewel lying on the side farthest from the door."

The jeweler was angry.

"Miserable man," he cried, "thou mockest me!

Many times since the ruby was lost has the pillow of my couch been moved. It cannot be there!"

"Go and look," answered Ahmed. "If you fail to find the jewel, I place my life in your hands."

"Nobody can speak more fairly than that," thought the jeweler, and he hurried to his home.

In a short time he returned.

"Forgive me, mighty astrologer, for doubting your word," he cried. "You spoke truly. I found the ruby even as you said I would. My friend, accept the two hundred pieces of gold I promised you."

As soon as the jeweler departed, Ahmed lost no time in going to see Sittara. He told her the story of the lost ruby; then handing her the two hundred pieces of gold, he said:

"Here, Sittara, is much gold. May it satisfy you, for never again shall I risk my life as I did today. To-morrow I return to my old work of cobbling."

But do you think Sittara was satisfied?

"Two hundred pieces of gold!" she cried. "That's a fine beginning — but it is only a beginning. Indeed, you shall not go back to cobbling! Don't be a coward! Keep at your work as astrologer."

Poor Ahmed tried to show her the great risk he ran, but she would not listen.

"The day you go back to cobbling," she cried, "you may give up all hope of ever winning me."

Finally Ahmed promised to try astrology a few days longer.

Next morning he appeared again in the market place and called as before to the passing crowds. But now no one laughed at him. They had heard the story of the lost ruby and all praised him. A lady who was passing heard the wonderful story.

"You are just the man I want to help me," she cried. "I have mislaid a necklace of beautiful diamonds. Find them for me and I will give you fifty pieces of gold."

Poor Ahmed! what could he do? He stood perfectly still, gazing at the woman. The people thought he was thinking deeply, and they watched him eagerly. As he looked at the woman, Ahmed saw that she had torn her dress in pressing through the crowd. He wished to tell her of her mishap quietly, so he whispered:

"Lady, look down at the rent."

Immediately a smile spread over the woman's face.

"Wait, I will be back in a few minutes," she said.

Soon she returned, carrying her diamond necklace and the fifty pieces of gold.

"Here's your money," she cried. "As soon as you spoke, I remembered I had hidden my necklace in a rent or crack near the bottom of the wall in my room. Thank you, wise man, for finding my jewels for me."

So the fame of Ahmed the astrologer spread through the land, but he was not happy. Sittara grew more and more greedy of gold, and poor Ahmed lived a most miserable life.

Now, it chanced that forty chests of gold and jewels were stolen from the king's treasury. Diligent search was made for the thieves, but they could not be found. The chief astrologer had tried all his powers, but could discover nothing.

At last the king, who had heard of the fame of Ahmed, sent for him.

"Who has stolen my gold and jewels?" asked the king.

Ahmed thought a moment, then he said:

"Oh, king! not one man, but forty, carried off your treasure."

"Then," said the king, "since you know so much, you can doubtless tell me their names and what they have done with the forty chests? Tell me instantly, or it will be the worse for you!"

"No," answered Ahmed, making a brave effort to conceal his fright, "I cannot tell you now; but give me a few days, and I hope I shall be able to answer your questions and return your treasure."

This Ahmed said in order to gain some time.

"Very well," answered the king, "you shall have forty days in which to discover the thieves; if at the end of that time my treasure is not found, you shall die."

Poor Ahmed hurried at once to the home of Sittara.

"See what trouble your greed has brought upon me!" he exclaimed.

"What is the trouble now?" she asked.

Ahmed told her the whole story, and ended by saying:

"Of course I cannot find the treasure, but to-morrow we shall be married and fly from this place. You have now much gold."

But the selfish woman answered:

"Indeed, we shall not be married to-morrow, nor will you run from this place. You will stay here and discover the thieves."

"But, Sittara, I cannot," cried Ahmed. "Do you want me to stay and lose my life?"

"I would rather see you dead than marry you, a poor cobbler," answered Sittara. "And let me tell you something: should you try to escape, I will, myself, tell the king, and have you captured and put to death."

At first Ahmed could not believe she spoke in earnest, but when he realized how truly selfish and cruel Sittara was, all his love for her died.

"Well," he said sadly, "I shall stay. Here are forty dates. Every night I shall come to you and you will give me one to put into this jar; thus will we number my days as they pass."

"Very well," said Sittara. "It shall be as you wish. I know, however, that you will discover the thieves before the forty dates are dropped into the jar."

Now, it happened that Ahmed was right when he said that there were forty thieves who carried off the king's treasure. He said this because he thought:

"A man could carry but one chest. Forty chests have been stolen, so forty men must have carried them away."

The robbers heard that Ahmed had told the king their exact number, and they were somewhat startled.

"But," said the chief, "perhaps he only made a lucky guess and we are worrying ourselves needlessly. Still, we will watch him. Every night he goes to see the handsome Sittara. One of us must go to-night and listen to all he says to her. In this way we may find out how much he knows."

That night one of the robbers reached Sittara's window just as she handed Ahmed the first date.

"Well," said Ahmed, as he dropped it into the jar, "there is one of the forty."

When the robber heard these words, he was filled with fear. He ran to the others.

"Ahmed knows our secret," he cried. "The minute I arrived at the house, he said to Sittara, 'There is one of the forty.'"

The chief would not believe him, so the next night he sent two men at the same hour. They arrived just in time to hear Ahmed say:

"Sittara, there are two of them to-night."

The frightened robbers ran to their friends and told them what they had heard. Still the chief would not believe them. Next night he sent three robbers; the night after, four, and so on, each night one robber more.

As they always came to the house at the same time, they always heard Ahmed name the exact number. Only, of course, he always meant the dates, while they thought he was talking about them.

On the fortieth night the chief went with his men, and he was as startled as his men to hear Ahmed say:

"The whole forty are here tonight."

They were now convinced that Ahmed knew all, so they decided to call on him and offer him a bribe to keep their secret. Early the next morning they knocked at his door. Poor Ahmed, thinking they were the soldiers come to take him prisoner, called out:

"Yes, yes, I will open the door in a minute. I know what you have come for, and it is a wicked crime."

As soon as he opened the door, the captain of the thieves said:

"We know that you know why we have come. We also acknowledge that it was a wicked crime. But keep it a secret and we will give you a thousand pieces of gold."

"Keep it a secret!" cried Ahmed. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall tell everybody how I have been treated."

"Oh, spare us!" cried the forty wretches, falling on their knees. "Spare our lives and we will bring back the forty chests of gold and jewels."

Ahmed nearly fainted when he heard this; but

he quickly recovered himself. So these were not the king's soldiers at all, as he had thought, but the thieves who had stolen the treasure! He might yet be able to save his life. He drew himself up haughtily before the cowering wretches.

"Miserable men," he said, "I will spare your lives if you do exactly as I bid you. Carry the forty chests to the south wall of the palace and bury them a foot deep. Remember, if you do not obey every word of mine, I shall seek you out again and have you put to death."

The thieves left, glad to escape with their lives. They hastened to obey Ahmed's commands to the letter.

Ahmed dressed and was ready when the king's soldiers came to take him. On the way to the palace he asked the soldiers to allow him to stop and say goodbye to Sittara. They readily granted his wish. He did not tell her his good news, for he wanted to see if she really cared for him. Do you think Sittara wept when she saw Ahmed carried off by the soldiers? No, she bade him a very cold farewell, and he went off to the palace with the soldiers.

When Ahmed was brought before the king, the latter said:

"Astrologer, have you discovered my treasure?"

"Answer me a question, O king! Which would you rather have, your treasure or the thieves? The stars foretell that you can have but one."

"Then," said the king, "I choose the treasure."

"And if I restore to you your treasure, do you promise to pardon the thieves?"

"I do," said the king.

"Then come with me," said Ahmed.

He led the king and the soldiers to the south wall of the palace. "Dig down one foot into the earth," he said, "and you will find your treasure."

The men fell to work, and soon the forty chests of treasure were uncovered. Not a gold piece nor a jewel was missing.

The king was delighted.

"You shall be my chief astrologer," he cried. "And that you may live in a style suited to your high position, I shall have a palace built for you. I have always said that the princess, my only daughter, should be married to the wisest man in the land. You are the wisest man and you shall marry the beautiful princess."

So poor Ahmed, the cobbler, became the king's astrologer and lived in a grand palace with a beautiful princess for his wife. The princess was as good as she was beautiful and not at all selfish or greedy like Sittara, and Ahmed grew to love her dearly. And nowhere in the land could you find a happier man than Ahmed. — ADAPTED FROM AN ORIENTAL TALE

Ahmed (ä-mĕd′)
Sittara (si-tär′a)

Lesson XXIX

THE WHITEHORN BUCK[1]

Archibald Rutledge

To the Pupil:

After you have looked at the questions given below, carefully read the lesson. After you have read the story, write an answer to each of the questions.

1. How much of this story is written to arouse your interest so that you will want to finish the story?
2. Note all the things told you about the buck in this first part.
3. Why do you get interested in Scipio as soon as he is mentioned?
4. Are you glad the buck escaped? Why?

He stood with his head above the bushes, his antlers gleaming softly in the white winter sunlight. Near-by a lean wild sow was searching for her breakfast in the black rooty mud of the swamp. In the tangled thicket birds were hopping about and singing. The great pine woods stretched away on all sides. The sun, deliciously warm, filtered down through the fragrant pine-crests, shone on the tall brown grass and the dewy swamp, and rested tenderly on the pale blue flowers that starred the sheltered place. The sun shone on the whitehorn buck, and he stood

[1] Reprinted by permission from "Old Plantation Days" by Archibald Rutledge. Copyright, 1921, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

still, drinking in the comfort and the beauty of the scene.

He carried the largest and handsomest horns of any deer in the Santee woods; their spread was thirty inches, and there were six tines on each branch. His eyes, like those of all white-tail deer, were specially full, wild, and liquid. His deep chest was covered with a rough growth of shaggy black hair that seemed to increase the appearance of his size and strength. His legs tapered until it became marvelous how they could support his weight. His whole body was shapely, muscular, beautiful.

Aside from his size, the one feature that would distinguish him from his fellows was the color of his antlers. They were almost pure white. And instead of giving him a freakish appearance, they seemed but in keeping with his appearance, and adorned his noble head.

The normal color of the horns of the Southern deer is a brownish amber, with a few white knobs here and there near the bases of the forks. Of the two varieties, the swamp and hill-deer, the swamp-buck's antlers are of a richer, darker brown, and their spread is more basket-shaped than those of his highland brothers.

Now, the whitehorn buck was a swamp-deer, and just how he came to have antlers whiter than any hill-deer's will perhaps never be known. But why they were white, makes very little difference. The

fact is that they were, and that he carried them. And for many years before this story begins, he had become a living tradition in Santee, a breathing evidence of "the biggest old buck," the kind that always gets away.

For he was known to all the hunters on that section of the South Carolina coast. His horns were "yarned" about and desired. And as with each succeeding year they increased in size and symmetry, the sportsmen, poachers, and market hunters all longed with increasing desire to drop their gun-sights on him.

One February a negro turpentine hand picked up a branch of his antlers on the edge of the swamp and brought it to the Santee Club-house, where were gathered many hunters. Men who had killed moose in Maine, elk in Wyoming, and blacktail in the Dakotas, broke off in the midst of famous yarns to gather in a circle, to handle the beautiful antler, to admire it, and to resolve silently but firmly to take back North as trophies the new and full set of horns when another season should have developed them.

But they had set their hearts on no ordinary game. They were no match for the whitehorn buck. They might surround a brach — as a small swamp or thicket is called — and put the best pack of hounds in the country on his trail, but the wary old buck would always slip out. When startled from his haunts among the bushes, he had a habit of throwing

his head back on his broad shoulders and racing down the drive, with the pack in full cry after him; but when he had drawn the hunters to that end of the swamp, he would double, and before he would be cut off, would be "stretching forward free and far" through the open woods. Then the only thing left for the disappointed hunters to do would be to stop the dogs and put them in other swamps after inferior deer.

Many times the whitehorn buck escaped his pursuers. Nor was it because of his wildness. Negroes in the turpentine woods continually brought home stories of him.

One had seen him peacefully feeding on the edge of a bay thicket. One had seen him galloping gracefully along under the pines. Again, his wide, deep track would be marked in the white sand of the road just outside the plantation gates. Up to the settlements he would roam in the night, browsing on the tender ferns and grasses and rubbing himself in the scrub-oak and sparkleberry bushes. Many times he had been shot at, and if stories were to be believed, he had received mortal wounds on numerous occasions. But no hunter ever had a hair or a drop of blood from the monarch that bore the gleaming antlers, to prove his story.

There were not a few sportsmen who would have gladly taken the trip from the North to Santee just to get a shot at the buck, but most of them realized that their desire was a vain thing. There were old

hunters, natives of the deep swamps, who knew the woods, who thought nothing of bringing home six wild turkeys and a black bear in a single day; desperate men, too, they were, who knew more than one use for the hunting-knife. But even they failed to get more than a sight or perhaps a hopeless shot at the whitehorn buck.

There were pale business men from the city, come up to spend a week under the pines, on the ample, sweet bosom of nature, and they were secretly determined to give the old hunters a surprise. They had often heard of the buck, and wished to kill him, although they would probably have fainted away had he so much as given them a sight of him.

Then there were the wealthy, wholesome sportsmen of the Northern Club, strong, good-natured, and fair shots, who longed for a chance at the whitehorn buck. But one and all were disappointed. If hunted too frequently, he would disappear entirely for a month, and all the whooping of drivers and trailing of dogs through his favorite haunts and cover would fail to rouse him. He had gone no one knew where.

So, year after year, the whitehorn buck was hunted, mortally wounded, storied about, and despaired over until, through the whole length and breadth of the Santee country, he became a myth and a proverb. And as he stood that winter morning in the bushes on the edge of the swamp known as the Rattlesnake Drive, he was indeed a fit subject for stories.

In that coast country there was one hunter whom the lordly whitehorn buck would have to reckon with. He was the negro poacher, Scipio Lightning.

Scipio was built for the woods. His physical senses were developed like those of a wild animal. His eyesight was that of a hawk; his sense of smell, that of the ravens that sun themselves on the lone cypresses along the river; his hearing was as keen as that of a wary old gobbler.

As the years passed, he had seen the woods and the fields over which he had once roamed and hunted at will taken up by rich clubmen. Not that it made any particular difference to Scipio; he still hunted about where he pleased, for because of his good nature he was on good terms with all the watchmen of the game-preserves. And there was not a man in Santee who did not love him for his woodcraft, his strength and endurance, and the stories that he could tell of hunting. From sand-chickens to swamp-bear, there was nothing about the Santee woods or river with which he was not thoroughly familiar.

Yet for all his ability as a hunter, and for all his great skill as a woodsman, Scipio was weak enough to be superstitious. He said once that he knew where a wahwoo-cat lived. Now a wahwoo-cat is a creature that is supposed to be invisible and which whimpers and snarls at you out of the darkness. Scipio avoided rabbits, and no one ever found him eager to kill a mink. He had his superstitions about them all.

And this weakness had a great deal to do with his relations with the whitehorn buck.

He knew almost all that there was to be known about the whitehorn buck. He could show you the warm, sunshiny bed between the green clumps of broom-grass where he had been dropped as a fawn. He knew in what clump of myrtle-bushes his mother used to leave him when she went far away through the lonely forest to feed. And as for his habits and his haunts, Scipio had them by heart.

He knew that the Rattlesnake Drive was his home, but that when he was hunted hard, he went back four or five miles in the woods and there took refuge in a great swamp known as the Ocean, a vast, close marsh, silent, dreary, haunted.

Yet Scipio took little stock in all the wonderful stories told about the name and fame of the whitehorn buck. To the unromantic hunter he was only a wary old deer that no white man would be likely to kill. He knew that he himself could shoot him, for Scipio knew how. He would take no dog with him, no horn, no noisy crowd of galloping horses and loud-mouthed men. He would take only his old musket, loaded with thirty buckshot. Such a charge would stop a dozen deer; but Scipio never made the mistake of underloading his gun.

So it came about that after the whitehorn buck had been made famous by the sportsmen who had missed him, and after rumors of the great price which

would be paid for the horns had been about for some time, Scipio decided to go after the monarch of the pines.

Therefore it happened that on the very same day on which we saw the buck standing so proudly on the edge of the swamp, Scipio began his preparations. He gave his musket a thorough overhauling. In the sunlight behind his cabin he cleaned it, washed it inside and out with warm water and soap, dried it, oiled it, and loaded it. He fixed the nipple carefully, and chose from the shiny box the brightest-looking percussion-cap that he could find. Then he lay down on a bench in the sun and slept till the later afternoon.

The sun was setting in a fire of glory behind the tall, dark pines when Scipio left his cabin. The Rattlesnake Drive was only a mile away, and an easy walk. The negro's long strides would take him there in fifteen minutes, for what he would see on the way — and there would be much to see — would not stop him, now that he had a fixed purpose in mind. All the beauty of the sunset, of the twilight, of the soft coming of the dewy stars, of the rising of the mist — these meant nothing to the negro. A single purpose reigned in his heart: he was going to kill the whitehorn buck.

As he walked swiftly down the narrow path that led through the high broom grass under the pines, he saw the wild life of the night begin to come forth. Once a gray fox came trotting up the patch

towards him, and seeing him suddenly, almost turned a somersault, and dashed wildly away with his fluffy tail bobbing over the fallen timber. Once a great horned owl on velvet wings floated softly over him. Once an old raccoon paced slowly down the length of a log without seeing the negro.

Scipio soon came to the Rattlesnake Drive and entered the thicket. The gallberry-bushes, cold with the dew, wet him up to his knees. He made his way carefully and knowingly to a little strip of high ground in the middle of the swamp, a little white, sandy hillock that on the coast would be called a hummock, where stood a few giant pines and a little gathering of scrub-oaks. It was near the plantation end of the drive, and here, he knew, some time during the night, the whitehorn buck would surely come. It was a habit of his, and all his habits were known to Scipio.

So Scipio waded through the swampy thicket, where the sweet-bay bushes brushed him fragrantly, where the huge green water-briers, with their poisonous thorns, caught at him out of the shadows, until he came up on the warm, dry hillock. Here he found two pines fallen across each other. Gathering some of the soft pine needles, he heaped them in one of the corners against the log, and sat down to wait.

He knew that the buck, after feeding on the deep edges of the swamp, would come up the hill to walk about, to rub himself, and to dry his legs. Scipio

knew that he would be able to hear him far down the swamp, and could see him, too, after moonrise, which was not now more than an hour away.

The negro settled back for his long wait. Across his knees, and grasped by his gaunt and powerful hands, was his musket, the lock covered with the edge of his coat to keep the cap and the powder perfectly dry.

After a while the moon rose, and the woods for a half a mile in each direction were as clear as day. Once a doe came feeding up to where Scipio sat; he could have touched her with his musket-barrel, but he did not stir. Once a gaunt old red fox trotted swiftly over the hill, urgently bent on business of his own, and Scipio let him pass unmolested.

The radiant moon climbed higher and the stars wheeled up and by. Midnight came and went. Scipio was growing chill. So far there had been no signs of the great buck whom he awaited.

It would soon be too late for him to feed. Scipio grew anxious. But he need not have been, for when the negro entered one end of the drive, the buck had come in the other, and had been browsing up toward the sand-hill.

When he was still two hundred yards away, Scipio heard a bay-bush crack. Ten minutes later he heard the rap of horns against a young tree. Five minutes more, and Scipio saw clearly, not more than fifty yards away, the gleam of snowy antlers.

He ran no risk with a long shot, for after forty yards buckshot are uncertain. He waited. The whitehorn buck came up to the edge of the sand-hill, turning his side to the negro. Scipio, who at the first sound had rested his musket on the log before him, now tilted it gently until he saw the brass sight shine against the white patch behind the buck's foreleg. The gun tightened against his shoulder; he steadied it with all the strength of his powerful arms; he pressed the trigger.

"Ti-a-a-rr!" echoed the cap, and the buck, seeming to jump seven ways at once, and fifteen feet in each direction, straightened out at a tremendous speed down the edge of the swamp. The powder had slipped down in the nipple, the cap had popped, and the whitehorn buck was getting away!

Yet Scipio held his sight on him, hoping that the charge might still catch fire. But all in vain. The great buck ran on down the edge of the drive, and was soon lost to sight among the glimmering pines. Scipio lowered his musket in disgust. Yet there was more than disgust and disappointment on his face; there was superstition and downright fear. He looked about him, and then struck off in a fox-trot toward home. Nor did he slow his pace until he was in sight of his lonely little cabin that slept in the peaceful moonlight.

If one might read Scipio's heart, one would find that the negro believes that he was trying to shoot

at a spirit, or that some strange power was working against him. Never before and never since that night can he remember his musket's failing him. So he goes no more to stalk the whitehorn buck. And that old monarch who bears the glorious antlers should be thankful in the thought that the best hunter in the country is superstitious. — ADAPTED

ant'lers, the horns of a deer
thic'ket, thick undergrowth
fra'grant, sweet-smelling
tine (tīn), the prong of an antler
taper, to thin down to a point
am'ber, a yellowish, hard substance
poacher (pōch'er), a robber of game
turpentine (tûr'pĕn-tīn), a substance, like a thick syrup, given out by pine trees. In the South negro laborers are employed to collect it.
blacktail, blacktail deer
trophy (trō'fy), anything kept as a remembrance of a victory or athletic success
haunt (hạnt), a place to which one goes frequently
su perb', very fine
Scipio (sĭp'io)
game-preserve, an enclosed place where animals are kept for hunting purposes
woodcraft, knowledge of the woods
nip'ple, the part of the gun where the percussion-cap is placed
per cus'sion cap, the part of the gun which when struck by the hammer lights the powder and fires the charge

Lesson XXX

A LITTLE LONDON GIRL[1]

Anonymous

To the Pupil:

Read this lesson as you like to read. Do not waste your time in this reading. Try to remember many of the points in the story.

Emma was five when this story begins. She was different in appearance from other children. When one saw her playing with the others, one always noticed her at once and said, "What a funny little girl!" She had bright brown eyes like a little squirrel, and very bright red bushy hair, not unlike a squirrel's tail; her face was chubby and round, and she looked as if she had always had enough to eat.

She lived at Shepherd's Bush, which has a pleasant, countrified sound, but is only just a part of London. There is a green, it is true, but the grass is poor and so trodden down that great patches of earth are bare, and the poor, shivering little trees around it look very miserable. Dirty tramps, both men and women, lie often on what remains of the grass and open out dreadful-looking bundles in which they carry all the odds and ends they have collected from the garbage cans.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that all the poor people live in the East End of London and all the

[1] Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

well-to-do ones in the West. The East End is certainly the poor quarter, but there are terrible slums everywhere, even close to the most expensive and wealthy parts. The street in which little Emma Taylor lived was a narrow one, lined on one side by stalls on which were spread out things to sell. In the evenings these stalls looked very bright, with great gas-jets flaring down upon them and blowing in the wind. To Emma it was one of the most interesting places that could be imagined. There were pieces of stiff cardboard, with words written on them, on most of the stalls; these she could not read until she had been at school for some years, but when she did she always liked them very much. One read, We Take the Lead, Others Only Follow, and another, Do Not Go Further, You Will Only Fare Worse.

The fruit stalls were very brilliant just about Christmas-time, with piles of yellow oranges and lemons, apples shiny and ruddy, dates stuck together in great masses, tomatoes of a red to set your teeth on edge, and many other things. The candy stalls, however, were those the children liked most, and perhaps it was as well for them they had not much money to spend, or there might have been more aches and pains among them. There were sweets so sticky that you always had to eat the paper bag too, for the stuff inside would not come away from it, and slabs of chocolate with cream sticking out like

soap, and sweets of a wonderful pink like no other pink on earth, of which quite a quantity could be bought for a half-penny. The vegetable stalls were often really pretty, with tufty carrots in bunches and onions hanging up. The fish stall, though ugly in itself, always attracted a crowd by its smell, for it promised food to hungry little boys and girls. The flower stalls were quite pretty and the flowers very cheap, only you had to take care because, unless you examined them carefully, you would find they all died at once when put into water, for they were seldom fresh and had often lain under somebody's bed all night in a close attic. All day long and till late at night dust fell on the goods, and the people stood in the mud by their stalls, selling to others as poor as themselves.

Emma's father was a window-cleaner. Window-cleaning is called an unskilled trade, for it needs no training at all; any one can do it, so that if a man is not very careful, he will lose his job for the least little thing, as the boss knows he can pick up a dozen like him at once. Her mother had been a general servant. If she had only known how to manage, she could have made very savory soups and stews with the cheap vegetables she could buy, but she knew nothing about cooking, and the meat she bought was generally tough and tasteless before she had finished with it, or was boiled till it was like nothing but rags. Emma was the only child, which was the reason

why she came to be chubby even though her parents were so poor. They lived in one room looking out on the street, and paid four-and-sixpence a week for it. Besides this, Emma's father paid threepence a week each for himself and his wife to a club, so that if either of them died, they would have a good funeral, and he paid sixpence a week to another club which would give him a few shillings a week if he were obliged to give up work on account of illness. This left about twelve-and-six a week for food and clothing and other expenses.

Every morning Emma trotted down to great County Council school about a mile away, holding on to her father's finger for support, because she was only a small girl. He used to leave her at the school on his way to work, and a bigger girl, whose home lay not far from Shepherd's Bush, used to bring her back. Emma loved the school, with its great airy windows and large light rooms. In her own room at home the window would not open at all and the panes were so dirty and so covered up with curtains that very little light came in at all from the narrow street. At first the lessons at school were just like games; the children were taught to march, and sing, and count beads, or to make little mats or model things in clay.

The teachers at the school were very kind, and many a child used to bring them a bunch of flowers, sometimes very much withered; but however poor

they were, the teacher always put them in a glass of water where all the room could see them. One day when Emma was playing in the gutter outside her own door, she saw some great red flowers which rested on the edge of a stall near her. They were called double dahlias, but she did not know that. She crept nearer and nearer, and then, sitting right in the gutter, almost under the stall, she reached up and pulled one out. She thrust it under her pinafore, holding it with one hand, and being frightened at what she had done, sat very still for a while with a finger in her mouth; then, when the man's back was turned, she slowly crept away again. Though she was so young, yet she knew she had done wrong, and she did not show her mother the flower, but hid it under some clothes in a corner. The next morning when she dragged it out, its head was drooping, but it did not look very bad, being a hardy flower that lasts for a long time. She held it in one hand under her pinafore as she trotted along beside her father, but when the wind blew round a corner in a sudden gust, up went the little pinafore, and there was the naughty hand holding the flower. Mr. Taylor stopped at once.

"Where did you get that, Honey?" he asked, for he was always very kind to his little girl.

She did not answer, but her cheeks grew redder than ever.

"Did any one give it to you?"

She shook her head.

He turned and marched her back again the way they had come.

"Now where did you take it from?" he asked when they reached the stalls. She pointed, so he went up to the salesman.

"My little girl's taken a flower from you," he explained. "She — she's only little, and she doesn't know, but she's come to say she's sorry and 'll never do so again. Why! that's thieving, that is! You are sorry, Emma?"

She twisted up a corner of her pinafore and began to cry.

"There, there," said the man good-naturedly. "She didn't mean any harm."

Then Emma spoke.

"For teacher," she said, sobbing.

"For teacher, was it? Well, here's another, a fresh one," and he held out a big bright flower, but Mr. Taylor would not allow her to take it. He thanked the salesman and took the child back to school. She was late that day, and that impressed the incident on her mind. Young as she was she never forgot it.

On Saturday sometimes, as a great treat, her father would take her with him on a tram, perhaps to watch a football match, and she sat on his shoulder or stood between his knees, looking at everything in her queer grave way, but never saying a word. At

other times, the neighbor's child who brought her home from school would take her to the Green. This girl, Alice, was only about thirteen, but she seemed to Emma to be quite grown up. There were always two babies in a perambulator who formed part of the group, and generally several other children as well. Sometimes Alice would unfold a very dirty pocket handkerchief and show a piece of bread, a few sweeties, or a bit of apple, and they would have a feast, running to the drinking fountain at the end of the Green to fill a bottle so that they could have water to drink with it. In all the parks and open spaces in London drinking fountains are provided, and at any time in the day they are generally surrounded by a group of children. Some of them are very pretty — for instance, the one in St. James's Park.

Once a rough boy knocked Emma down in running past her, and Alice flew at him, boxed his ears and thumped him until he stood whimpering with his face on his arm and leaning against a tree. Emma felt sorry for him, and, sidling up to him, thrust the bit of apple which had fallen to her share into his grubby little hand. Even as a tiny child she always loved giving things to people.

These were happy days, but as the years went on, worse times came. Emma's father took to drinking and lost his work. They moved into a dark back room which cost only half-a-crown a week. He used to get drunk now whenever he had any money, and

then have fearful rows with his wife, who was quite as strong as he was and hit him back. These scenes terrified Emma. She would hide her head under the pile of soiled bedclothes and lie as still as a little mouse.

Her shoes were full of holes, her clothes in rags, and she was no longer the chubby little thing she had been. This was partly because she was growing up and her arms and legs were lengthening out very fast. One day, when she was at school, she felt quite queer all of a sudden, and rolled off her seat to the floor; when she came round she found the teacher bending over her and wiping her face with a wet handkerchief. In answer to the teacher's questions, Emma confessed she had had no breakfast at all that day, and only a bit of bread the night before. Now, at this school there were free dinners given to children whose parents could not afford to feed them properly.

Some parents paid a penny when they were able and others nothing at all, and when it was found that poor little Emma was starving for want of food, she was allowed to have dinner at the school for nothing. How good those dinners were! One day there would be thick soup and pudding with syrup; another day, perhaps meat and potatoes and other vegetables; and on another, fish and roly-poly pudding. The children loved the syrup and jam better than the meat.

One day a terrible thing happened to Emma, who

was in the room alone at home, for her mother was out washing some doorsteps, by which she earned a little money to keep herself and the child and pay the rent. Suddenly Emma's father came in drunk. He knew that his wife had hidden a small sum of money away for the rent, which had to be paid the next day, and he asked Emma to tell him where it was. She answered, trembling all over, that she did not know; then he seemed to go mad, and struck at her as he had often struck at her mother, and she rushed out of the house wild with terror. She thought he was chasing her, and she ran down the little street and out into the big broad one, over which her father had so often led her safely to school, and, never looking where she went, she dashed headlong across it. Then there was a shout and a whirr and a great crash, and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes at first she thought she was dreaming; and then she thought she had died and gone to heaven, where angels in white caps were flitting about; and last of all she felt very miserable, and oh! so lonely, and she began to cry. Some one was leaning over her in a moment, and a bright voice told her to cheer up: she would be all right; she was in a hospital now and would be well looked after. Poor little Emma was in great pain and felt very stiff, but she soon fell asleep again, and when she woke next time she was not so frightened. She was in a big ward with a polished floor and a row

of large windows through which the sun shone. Down both sides were little beds with bright scarlet counterpanes, and in each was a child. Some were quite tiny, mere babies, and the others of all sizes; but the older ones were girls; the boys were small.

Emma had to stay a long time; during the weeks that she was there she got to know the children and felt quite sorry when one was well enough to go away home; but most of all she loved the babies, and it was a great treat when she was wheeled round the ward in a chair and could stop at the foot of each crib and talk to the funny little babies, who held out tiny, wasted hands to her. The nurses were very kind, and they were all called by the same kind of name; there was Nurse Grace, and Nurse Mercy, and Nurse Faith, and Nurse Charity, and so on. Nurse Grace was the one Emma liked best. It was Nurse Grace who broke to her one day the news that she would never again be able to walk on two legs like other children, but always have to use a crutch. At first Emma could not understand it; it seemed impossible, and she cried; but it was just about Christmas-time, and the ward was so nicely decorated and there was so much excitement about the Christmas-tree, that she quickly forgot her troubles.

The tree was wonderful! Never in her life had she seen anything so beautiful. It seemed to reach right up to the ceiling, and was seen in a bright white light thrown by countless little candles. Here and

there some curious things fizzed, throwing out jets of glorious flame which sparkled on all the gold and silver and red and blue things which dangled from the tree. There was a present for each child. Emma got a doll more beautiful than she could ever have imagined, and she cried out to Nurse Grace:

"Oh! can't I stay here till next Christmas?"

But it was not to be; she had to go out into the world again, and take up her life, carrying with her a crutch which would be her companion throughout life.

When she got home, what a surprise awaited her! Her parents had moved into a new room, which was lighter than the old one; it looked so clean Emma could hardly believe it was theirs. Her father had got work again, and had been so frightened by the accident to his only child that he had taken the pledge and kept straight all the time she was in the hospital. So prospects looked better for Emma; but the one thing that really interested her was whether she could go to school again. She was only eight years old, and she knew so little that she wanted to learn much more. Her parents did not see how it could be managed, because, besides the difficulty of her getting backwards and forwards such a long way, she suffered from her back, and had to lie down often, so that she could not have sat on the school bench.

Then one day a lady called; it was the same lady who had been visiting the Taylors while their child

was away and who had tried to teach the poor, ignorant little mother to keep her house in better order and to make better meals out of what food she had. This lady told them that there was a special school for crippled children not far away, and that Emma could go there, and that a carriage — a real carriage with a horse — used to call for the sickly children in the neighborhood and take them there every day. And it was all true! The first day Emma saw the carriage with the horse and driver stopping outside her door, she felt very grand indeed, and though in time she became quite accustomed to her glory, it was always a pleasure to her to have the drive.

At the school the children were not pressed; they were made to lie down and given easy work; but Emma was so eager to learn that often they had to take away her books. She stayed on at the school all the spring; then a further treat came her way. She heard that in the summer a certain number of children were sent away into the country for a fortnight, and that they must pay a small sum in pence every week until they went, so she begged her mother to let her try for this. Mrs. Taylor agreed, and henceforth there was no girl more regular in bringing her pennies week by week than Emma.

The pennies did not pay for going away; they only went a very little way towards it; but the kind people who contributed to the fund thought that if

the poor children paid something themselves it would show they were in earnest in wanting to go, and that they would value it more. The whole of the schooling was, of course, free: Emma's parents had never paid a penny for it; the hospital, too, was quite free, and she had had the best doctors in London — doctors and surgeons that well-to-do people would have had to pay for very highly; and now she was to be sent away to the country for only a very small payment, so it can be seen that London looks after its poor and helps them in many ways, and that any man who is steady and honest gets great advantages in bringing up his children.

When the time to go to the country came, Emma could not sleep the night before, she was so excited; never had she been in the country, and the only trees she had seen were the Christmas-tree at the hospital and the trees in the London streets and squares. Once, it is true, her father had taken her to Hampstead Heath on a holiday, but they only went a very little way on to the heath, and the place was so crowded with people, swinging on merry-go-rounds, waving balloons, and shooting at ranges, that it seemed more like a market than anything else.

We will have just one last picture of Emma, sitting in a field, leaning against a haycock, and laughing merrily at the antics of the farmer's two little children who were playing with a puppy. It

was just time for tea, and it was a very happy, active little girl who got up with her crutch and went at a good pace over to the gate and down to the little cottage where she was staying. The cottage was covered with roses, and there was a table spread with jam, and good bread, and butter, and tea, and such an appetite had Emma got with being out so much that she felt quite ashamed of herself! She made up her mind that every year so long as she was young enough she would save up her pennies and go to the country, and no matter how dark the London life seemed at times she could always now shut her eyes and think of Molly and Teddy and funny little Scamp, and imagine she smelt again the dog-roses in the hedge and the honeysuckle by the bridge.

green, a plot of grass-land, a public park
four-and-sixpence, four shillings and sixpence, or about one dollar and eight cents
twelve-and-six, twelve shillings and sixpence
pinafore (pĭn′a-fōr), a sleeveless apron
tram, a street-car
perambulator (per-ăm′bū-lāt-ŏr), a baby-carriage
crown, an English coin worth about five shillings
roly-poly pudding, a pudding made from dough rolled up with fruit
ward, a large room in a hospital
counterpane (coun′ter-pān), a quilt
Hampstead Heath, a public park in London

VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ă as in măn
ā as in fāte
ä as in ärm
ȧ as in fȧst
â as in fâre
ą as in ąll
ạ as in whạt
a as in sofa
ĕ as in gĕt
ē as in mē
ę as in prę
ẽ as in fẽrn
ê as in thêre
e as in over
ĭ as in hĭt
ī as in īce
ĩ as in bĩrd
ï as in polïce
i as in habit
ŏ as in nŏt
ō as in nōte
ô as in nôrth
ȯ as in wȯn
ọ as in dọ
ọ as in wọlf

o as in obey
o͝o as in bo͝ok
o͞o as in fo͞od
ŏi as in ŏil
ou as in out
ow as in now
ŏy as in bŏy
ŭ as in bŭt
ū as in cūre
ụ as in rụle
ụ as in fụll
û as in bûrn
y̆ as in phy̆sic
ȳ as in tȳpe
ɛ as in ɛat
g̃ as in dog̃
ġ as in ġem
n̲ as in lin̲k
ṅ as in boṅ
th as in thin
th as in this
ç as in çent
s̲ as in was̲
ch as in chin
çh as in maçhine

VOCABULARY

abide, to live

acute′, keen

adobe (a-dō′be), a sun-dried brick

adversity (ăd-vĕr′si-ty), misfortune

afflicted, sick persons

affliction (ă-flĭc′shon), misfortune

Agostin (ä-gos-tēn′), Augustine

Ahmed (ä-mẹd′), a proper name

am′ber, a yellowish, hard substance

ammonia (ă-mō′ni-a), a chemical used to manufacture ice

amphibian (ăm-fĭb′i-an), an animal, like the frog, which lives both on land and in water

ant′lers, the horns of a deer

appalling (ă-pạl′ĭng), frightful

Appomattox (ăp-o-măt′ocks), a county in Virginia. At Appomattox Court House Lee surrendered to Grant April 9, 1865.

apprentice (ă-prĕn′tiç), one learning a trade

aqua fortis (ā′kwa fōrt′is), nitric acid, a chemical substance

architecture (är-ci-tĕc′chụr), the art of building

a succession of, several

at′tribute, virtue

Audubon (ạ′dụ-bŏn), the name of a park in New Orleans

ax′is, a line on which a body, like a top or a wheel, rotates

baboon (băb-ōōn′), a monkey

barb, the bent point of a hook

barbecue (bär′be-cū), an open-air feast at which an animal, like a pig or an ox, is roasted whole

beauteous (bū′te-ŭs), full of beauty

belaying-pin, a movable pin for fastening running-gear

Bienville (byaṅ-vĭl′), Jean Baptiste Lemoine Bienville, the founder of New Orleans

blacktail, blacktail deer

black′thorn, a walking-stick made of the wood of blackthorn, a thorny shrub

Boma (bō′ma), a town and river port in Belgian Congo, Africa

bronze, to give a coat of bronze

bru tal′i ty, cruel treatment

Cacique (ɛä-çīk′), an Indian chief

calabash (ɛăl′a-băsh), a vessel made from the shell of the gourd-like fruit of a tropical tree

canyon (ɛän′yon), a deep gorge

caoutchouc (ɛu̯′chuɛ), india-rubber

capital, the upper part of a pillar or column

capsize (ɛăp-sīz′), to upset

captiv′ity, imprisonment

caravan (ɛar′a-văn), an expedition of men and pack-animals

caravansary (ɛăr-a-văn′sā-ry), an inn

carnotite (ɛär′nō-tīt), a rare element

cassava (ɛă-sä′va), the root of the manioc, a tropical plant from which a flour is extracted and used for making bread

cavalcade (ɛăv-al-ɛād′), a company of riders

ceded, transferred

centipede (çĕn-ti-pēd′), a many-legged insect

chandelier (chăn-de-lēr′), a support for lights

Charles the Great, Charlemagne (çhär-le-mān′), a king of France

Chickahominy (chĭk-a-hōm′ĭ-ny), a river in Virginia

circlet (ɛĭr′ɛlĕt), a small ring

clavicle (ɛlăv′i-ɛl), the bone connecting the shoulder blade and the breast-bone

Conchiti (ɛōn-chī′ti), an Indian village

condemnation (ɛŏn-dĕm-nā′-shon), sentencing a prisoner

Congolese (ɛŏn̲-gō-lēs′), a native of Congo, Africa

corona (ɛō-rō′na), a circle of light which surrounds the sun during an eclipse

counterpane (coun′ter-pān), a quilt

Cowper (ɛow′per *or* ɛo̯′per), William Cowper, an English poet

coyote (ɛo-yō′te), a prairie wolf

crescent (ɛrĕs′ĕnt), shaped like the right half of a parenthesis

crown, an English coin worth about five shillings

cunning, intelligence
curried, cleaned with a comb

dauber (dạb′er), a bad painter
dense, thick and solid
diadem (dī′a-dĕm), a crown
Domenico Ghirlandajo (do-mẹ′ni-ĕo gĭr-län-dä′yo), a famous Italian painter
drained, dried by letting the water out
Duke of Wellington, a famous British general who defeated Napoleon in 1815
dungeon (dŭn′ǧon), cell in a prison
dyspepsia (dȳs-pĕp′si-a), a difficult digestion

earthwork, a fortification made generally by piling up sandbags on the ground to protect the soldiers
eclipse (e-clĭps′), the darkening of a heavenly body by passing through the shadow cast by another
eject′, to throw out
el as′tic, springy
e lec tro cu′tion, death caused by electricity
Emin Pasha (ẹ-mīn′pa-shä′), a governor of the Soudan
entrails, the insides of an animal
equator (e-kwā′tor), a circle or band equally distant from the sun's two poles, that is, from the top and the bottom
eruption (e-rŭp′shon), a sudden bursting out
estufa (ẹs-tụ′fä), a chamber in which some of the Indian tribes of the Southwest hold their secret councils
ex-Emperor, Napoleon III., Emperor of the French from 1852 to 1870
exhaustion (ĕgz-ạs′chon), weariness
exhort (ĕgz-ôrt′), to appeal to some one to do something
extinct giant reptiles, very large animals, such as lizards, which once inhabited the earth and have now disappeared
ex tin′guish, to put out
extraction plant, a factory where ore is refined

falter (fạl′ter), to totter
Farragut (făr′a-gŭt), David Glasgow Farragut, a Union admiral in the Civil War
faun (fạn), a god of the woods, half-human, with pointed ears and goat's feet
fidelity (fi-dĕl′i-ty), loyalty

filament (fĭl′a-ment), a fine thread
flex′i ble, easily bent
for bear′ant, patient
four-and-sixpence, four shillings and sixpence, or about one dollar and eight cents
fra′grant, sweet-smelling
franc (frăn̲e), a French or Belgian silver coin worth before the World War about twenty cents; its value is considerably less now
fre quent′, to go to a place time and again

game-preserve, an enclosed place where animals are kept for hunting purposes
Gardens of St. Mark, a famous place in the city of Florence, Italy, where Lorenzo de Medici gathered the best works of art produced in Italy in his time
gaunt (gạnt), thin, wasted
gazelle (ga-zĕl′), a small African antelope
genius (ġē′ni-ŭs), great ability
gopher (gō′fer), a ground squirrel
Gordon, Charles George Gordon, an English general, governor of the Soudan
gravitational force of the sun, the force which the sun exerts, drawing all things near it toward its center
green, a plot of grassland, a public park
groomed, cleaned
grotesque (grō-tĕsk′), odd, ridiculous
guajes (gwä′he̱s), thunder
Gyges (gī′ġēs) **ring,** according to an old legend, a ring which made invisible the person who owned it

Haarlem (här′lĕm), a city in Holland
hag, an ugly old woman
halo (hā′lo), a circle of light
Hampstead Heath, a public park in London
hartebeest (härt′bēst), a large African antelope
haunt (hạnt), a place to which one goes frequently
haven (hā′vn), shelter
head waters, the source of a river
hippo (hĭp′o) **potato,** an African root which grows to a very large size
Hippopotami (hĭp-o-pŏt′a-mī), river-horses
hov′er, to stand near

hyena (hy-ē′na), an animal resembling a dog, noted for its cowardice; it feeds on prey killed by other beasts and on dead animals

in for′mant, one who gives information

in sec tiv′o rous, feeding on insects

in tol′er a ble, something that cannot be endured

in vin′ci ble, unconquerable

in vis i bil′i ty, incapable of being seen

Isleteno (ĭs-lę-tę′no), a native of Isleta (ĭs-lę′ta), an Indian village in the outskirts of Albuquerque, New Mexico

James, the James River in Virginia, where the Jamestown settlement was founded

Jemez (hęm′ęth), an Indian village of New Mexico

jigger (jĭg′er), a flea

Johann Fust (fụst), Gutenberg's partner

Johannes Gutenberg (jo-han′-es gū′tĕn-bĕrg̃), a German printer, reputed to have invented the art of printing

keeled, having a line or ridge down the middle, like most leaves

Khartoum (kär-tụm′), the capital of the Soudan

knight′hood, a title of nobility

kola (kō′la) **nut,** the seed of an African tree, chewed by the natives

ko tow′, a Chinese mark of respect which consists in kneeling and touching the ground with the forehead

kraal (kräl), an enclosure for animals

laconic (la-cŏn′ie), brief and to the point

lag′gard, one who falls behind in a march

legion, a countless number

Legion of Honor, a French honorary society to which distinguished men are elected

levee (lĕv′ē *or* lĕv-ē′), an embankment beside a river, to prevent overflow

life-pre ser′ver, an apparatus used to keep shipwrecked people from drowning

lime-kiln, a furnace or oven for burning lime out of limestone or shells

lodge, a cabin

Lord Granville, an English statesman who had charge of England's foreign affairs at the time of Stanley's return from Africa

Ludovico Buonarotti (lụ-do-vī'eo bụ-o-na-rot'i), Michael Angelo's father

luminous (lū'mi-nŭs), full of light

Mack'in tosh, an English manufacturer of water-proof coats

magnesia (măg-nē'shia), a light, white powder

magnolia (măg-nō'li-a), a shade tree common in certain parts of the South

Mahdi (mä'di), a Mohammedan fanatic who led a revolt in the Soudan in 1883

Mainz (mīnts), a German city on the Rhine River

maniac (mā'ni-aĸ), a crank

manta (män'tä), a blanket used by the Indians as a robe

Mardi-Gras (mär'di grä), the last day of carnival

mars, master

Master Mather, Cotton Mather, a famous American clergyman

mate, an officer on a ship

medicine-house, the house where the witch-doctor practices his "medicine"

med'i cine-man, a witch-doctor

menace, threat

Michael Angelo (ăn'ġe-lo), a famous Italian painter, poet, and sculptor

miniature (mĭn'i-a-chụr), a picture of anything drawn very small

mis'chievous, full of tricks

mor'tal, deadly

Mtesa (mtĕs'a), an African chieftain, ruler of Uganda

museum (mū-ṣē'ŭm), a place where works of art, curiosities, etc., are kept

musketeer (mŭs-kĕt-ēr'), a soldier armed with a musket, an old type gun

mutilate (mū'ti-lāt), to break off a part of anything

Napoleon (na-pō'le-on), Napoleon Bonaparte (bō'na-pärt), a famous French military leader and conqueror

nip'ple, the part of the gun where the percussion-cap is placed

Nyanza (ny-ăn'za), Lake Vic-

toria Nyanza, an African lake

ore, a substance, sometimes a piece of a rock containing metal; **low-grade ore,** ore containing little metal

overpowering, very powerful

packet-ship, a steamship which carries mail, passengers, and freight

palisade, a stockade

Palissy (pä-lï-sy′), Bernard Palissy, a famous French potter who invented enamel ware

pallet (păl′ĕt), a mattress

palmetto (păl-mĕt′o), a fan-palm which grows in the southern states

panic of 1837, a year when business was very bad and many banks and commercial firms failed

papyrus (pa-pȳ′rŭs), a rush-like plant

Paradox (păr′a-dŏcks), a valley in Colorado

paralyzed, unable to move

parole (pa-rōl′), a pledge of honor given by a military prisoner that he will not fight against his captors

pat′ent, a government protection to an inventor, granting him for a specific time the sole right of making and using an invention

patron of art, a person who helps painters and other artists in many ways, specially by purchasing their pictures and other objects of art

Pecos (pĕc′ōs), an Indian village of New Mexico

Pedro (pe̤d′ro), Peter

perambulator (per-ăm′bū-lāt-ŏr), a baby-carriage

per cus′sion cap, the part of the gun which when struck by the hammer lights the powder and fires the charge

persevere (pĕr-se-vēr′), to persist in a purpose, to stick to it

Peru (pĕ-ru̯′), a South American country

place of production, where goods or foods are made or raised

place of consumption, where goods or foods are used up or eaten

play truant, to stay out of school without permission

pleurisy (plu̯′ri-sy), a swelling of the covering of the lungs

pliant (plī′ant), easily bent or twisted

poacher (pōch′er), a robber of game

pomegranate (pŏm′gr̆ăn-at), the fruit of a tree which grows in tropical and subtropical countries

Pontchartrain (pŏn̆-chär-trān′), a lake in New Orleans

portmanteau (pôrt-măn′tō), a satchel

powerline, a wire line for carrying electric current

prim, neat

prim′ary es′sence, the most important part

prom′i nen ces, colored streamers seen around the sun during an eclipse

Pueblo (pwe̱b′lo), one of the Indian tribes of the southwestern United States

querulous (kwĕr′u̱-lŭs), complaining

raging flood, a swollen stream

Rappahannock (răp-a-hăn′ok), a river in Virginia

ravenous (răv′e-nŭs), very hungry

raw material, stuff used to manufacture goods, such as iron, coal, cotton, lumber, etc.

redcoat, a British soldier, so called because of the color of his jacket

reduce, to separate the metal in ore

refine, to separate a metal from its impurities

Regent (rē′gĕnt), one who rules in place of a king

re li′ance, dependence

reptile (rĕp′til), an animal like the snake, the lizard, or the alligator, which generally crawls on its belly and has its body covered with scales

roly-poly pudding, a pudding made from dough rolled up in the fruit

rosary (rō′s̱a-ry), a string of beads for keeping count of prayers

ro′tate, to turn

rubber boom, a sudden demand for rubber

Santa Fé (săn′tä fe̱), the capital of New Mexico

safe con′duct, a permission to pass through the military lines or the territory of an enemy

sap, to weaken

sassafras (săs'a-frăs), a tree
Schof'fer, a printer's apprentice who worked with Gutenberg
Scipio (sĭp'io), a proper name
scorpion (seôr'pi-on), a poisonous creature that walks on eight legs and has ten pincers
sculpture (seŭlp'chụr), a statue made of stone, metal, wood, etc.
ser'pent, a snake
sexton, a church janitor
Shakespeare (shāk'spēr), William Shakespeare, the greatest English poet and dramatist
sheath, a case for a knife
Shiloh (shī'lō), a place in Tennessee, where a battle was fought during the Civil War
Shrove Tuesday, the Tuesday immediately preceding Lent
Sittara (si-tär'a), a proper name
skulking, moving about secretly
slumber, sleep
snuff-box, a small box for carrying pulverized tobacco which is inhaled into the nose
sorest, worst
Soudan (sụ-dän'), a region of North Africa, south of Egypt
Spanish treasure ships, Spanish ships returning to Europe with gold and silver from the Spanish-American mines
spectacle (spĕc'ta-cl), show
spinal marrow (spīn'al măr'ro), a soft, cord-like substance inside of the backbone
spoilage, foods spoiled for lack of care
spon'sor, one who is responsible for another
stalk, to approach an animal stealthily in hunting
staple, a well-established article of commerce
stiletto (sti-lĕt'o), a small knife with a thin blade
stockage (stŏk-āḍ'), a line of thick posts set upright in the earth to form a fence
Strassburg (sträs'bụrg), a city in Alsace
stupor (stū'por), unconsciousness, dulness
subterranean (sŭb-tĕ-rā'ne-an), underground
suf'ferance, will
sulphuric acid (sŭl-fūr'ic ăç'id), a chemical substance made from sulphur

su perb′, very fine
sustain′, to help, assist

Tanganyika (tăn-ġa-nī′ka), a lake in Africa
taper, to thin down to a point
tedious (tē′di-ŭs), moving slowly
ten ac′ity, perseverance, "stick-to-it-iveness"
tenuous (tĕn′yu-ŭs), thin
tes ti fy (tĕs′ti-fȳ), to state on oath that something is true
the elements, the wind and the waves
thic′ket, thick undergrowth
tine (tīn), the prong of an antler
torrent (tŏr′rĕnt), a stream of water flowing with great speed
tortillas (tōr-til′yas), pancakes made of corn-meal
traditions, the customs, beliefs, etc., passed down from one generation to another
tram, a street-car
trophy (trō′fy), anything kept as a remembrance of a victory or athletic success
tsetse (tsĕt′se), a small blood-sucking African fly
Turkoman, a member of one of the Tartar tribes living in Turkestan
turpentine (tûr′pĕn-tīn), a substance, like a thick syrup, given out by pine trees. In the South negro laborers are employed to collect it
twelve-and-six, twelve shillings and sixpence
twist, a very strong brand of tobacco rolled into a rope-like shape, used generally for chewing.

Uganda (u-ġän′da), a native African kingdom, now under the protection of England
Ujiji (u-jī′ji), an African town
un fal′ter ing, sure of oneself
unsheathe, to take out of the scabbard
Unyanyembe (ŭn-yan-yĕm′-bē), an African settlement visited by Stanley
uranium (yu-rā ni-um), a white element

valve (vălv), an apparatus that opens a passage and permits the flow of a liquid or gas in one direction and closes it to prevent its return
veldt (vĕlt), open country, pasture-land

ven'om (vĕn'om), poison
venomous (vĕn'o-mŭs), poisonous
Vera Cruz (vē'rä ẹrụth), a seaport in Mexico
villa (vĭl'a), a fine country house
viper (vī'per), a poisonous snake
visual (vĭzh'ụ-al) **powers,** eyesight

ward, a large room in a hospital
Werowocomoco (wĕr-ō-wō-ɛō-mōɛ'o), an old Virginia settlement
Westminster Abbey (wĕst'-mĭn-ster ăby), a famous old English church where English kings are buried
white ant, a tropical, wood-boring insect
whitecap, a wave covered with foam
wildebeest (wīld'bēst), a species of African antelope
witch'ery, the tricks performed by witches
woodcraft, knowledge of the woods
writ, stamped, marked

Zanzibar (zăn'zi-bär), an island off the East coast of Africa

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION

WEST ALLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS